THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 1.

WITH ME STILL.

BY E. L. D.

Thou art not with me when I tread
The forest path at eve,
Where the full branches overhead,
Their fragrant garlands weave;
Yet all things in my lonely walk,
The stream, the flowers, the tree,
The very birds but seem to talk
In gentle strains of thee!
And when in midnight's gentle gloom
Sweet sleep mine eyelids fill,
I see thee in my curtain'd room,
In dreams thou 'rt with me still!

Thou art not with me, yet I feel
Thy presence when I go,
Where the pale moon-beams fall reveal
Our wanderings long ago;
And when the song-bird fills the air,
Thy voice seems sweet and clear,
For memory has such power, that there
I fancy thou art near;
Until the midnight's darker gloom
My wearied eyelids fill,
And then within my curtain'd room
In dreams thou 'rt with me still.

Two Wedding Rings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

I TOOK the white hands into mine, and kissed them.

I gathered the white lily that she had kissed and placed it in the girdle of her dress; and, as we stood there hand in hand, all the past rose up before us like a dream—the Water-Queen the terrible storm, the calm on the ocean, the happy weeks on the fair tropical island.

As I clasped her hand more tightly in my own, with a grateful heart I thanked Heaven for all its goodness.

The evening was very calm, and as the wind sank we heard quite plainly the distant lapping of the waves.

The very sound seemed to distress her.

"Gordon," she whispered, "that is the sea."

"Never mind, my darling," I laughed—"the waves are chanting for our wedding-day."

But, knowing that the sound distressed her, I added:

"We will go in now. I only wanted you for a few minutes to myself, just to hear you say that you love me. You do love me darling?"

She raised her face, pure as the lily at her breast.

"Indeed I love you, Gordon," she said—"more than I can tell."

We left the lilies and the moonlight, and entering the drawing-room, found the lamps lighted and all the guests assembled.

There were several present besides the bridesmaids.

Some one proposed music, and I remember one of the younger girls singing my darling's song, "Annie Laurie."

The words were sounding when a footman opened the door and came to Lady Meretoun's chair.

He said something to her in a low voice, and she rose with a scared, startled face.

With a brief apology to the lady with whom she had been speaking she quitted the room.

The pretty, plaintive words of the song came to me, and I crossed the room to listen to them, standing by Laurie's side.

"I'd lay me down and dee," sang the singer.

The door opened.

Lady Meretoun came in first, her face all white and scared, her hands stretched out to me.

"Oh, Gordon!" she began.

I never heard the remainder, for behind her—unless I was mad—stood Eric Hardross—the husband of the woman who was to be my wife on the morrow.

No cry came from my lips, a thick mist came before my eyes, a sound as of rolling seas filled my ears.

Through the mist I stretched out my hands until they touched the white-robed figure with the golden hair.

Then how long an interval elapsed I know not, what happened I know not, but presently I found that every one had gone except Captain Hardross, Laurie, and I, who stood there looking at each other, alone.

My hands still grasped her, as though nothing, not even death, should ever part us.

We were looking at each other—she and I; which was the more ghastly, the more despairing, who shall tell?

One, two, three horrible minutes passed. I could hear the beating of my own heart, the passionate throbbing of hers.

Then Eric Hardross came to us, and, seizing my arm in an iron grasp, flung it from her, crying—

"She is mine! She is my wife! Leave her to me!"

It was true—terribly true. She was his wife. I did not recognize my own voice as I gasped hoarsely—

"I—we—thought you were drowned."

"So it appears. You thought that I was safely disposed of. I am sorry, believe me, to disappoint you by returning to life. The fact is—pardon me if I again make a grim apology for being alive—I meant to go down with my ship."

"So they said; they told me—the chief mate told me that he saw you go down with the vessel."

"So I did," he replied, "but, as it happened my ship remained under the water while I had the bad taste to rise to the surface. I caught a spar that was floating on the water—I floated with it for hours.

"I was picked up by a trading vessel going to China, just as I was on the point of sinking.

"Then," he continued, "I was taken to China.

"I was very ill, and hardly conscious. I cannot tell how many weeks I lay there, nor what happened to me; I only know that after a time I came back to England, hoping to find my wife.

"It was only one year since I had parted from her, and from the English papers I learned that she was saved. I found that she had left St. Roma's—gone with her father to be married, they said. I laughed at them.

" 'To be married!' I cried.

" 'Why, I am her husband!'

"And they told me that her husband had been dead a year—that he was drowned when the ship was lost.

" 'Do you not know me?' I cried; and they fell back with scared, frightened faces, saying—

" 'Great Heaven, it is he!'

" 'Whom is my wife about to marry?' I asked, and I could have cursed you when they answered—

" 'Sir Gordon Clanalpen of Egremont'—my Border Knight, the man whom I had trusted."

"I believed you dead," I said.

"You might have waited just a little longer to see——"

He stopped abruptly.

His unhappy young wife had been standing looking at him, with a white, scared face terrible to see, when, suddenly, without a sigh or a word, she fell prone on the ground at his feet.

He stepped forward to raise her, but I was before him.

"Do not touch her!" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "She is my wife!"

"This once," I said gently—"I know she is yours—I am not going to dispute your right—this once let me raise her—let her see my face when she opens her eyes."

"I could kill you!" he exclaimed, in a low savage tone. "You have stolen my wife's heart from me! I could curse your dark-faced beauty and your low voice! I could curse your fine gentleman's soft ways! You have stolen her heart from me."

"You forget," I replied calmly, "that I thought you were dead. You cannot deny that, believing this unhappy lady to be free I had a right to woo her."

"She is my wife," he repeated, with sullen anger.

Looking at the white face, I thought to myself it were better that she should die, lying there, than live.

But the dark eyes opened and looked into mine with a faint dazed smile.

"What is it, Gordon?" she whispered faintly; and then he tried to thrust me away from her.

"This is what it is, Mrs. Hardross. I am not dead, but living, and I have come to claim you."

I rose from my knees. It was useless to prolong her agony or mine.

"Your husband has returned, Laurie," I said; then, looking at him, I added, "There is no need for unseemly violence, Captain Hardross. Surely to the lady who was to have been my wife to-morrow you will allow me to say farewell?"

She raised herself, and looking with trembling haste from him to me; then in a voice I shall never forget, she asked—

"Must I go with him, Gordon?"

"Certainly," he said. "What a question! What need to ask it? A wife's place is by her husband's side."

She still looked at me with the same dazed, uncertain air.

"Are you certain that I must go away from here—away from you?"

"I am certain madam, whether he is or not—quite certain," he put in.

But I could not bear the pathos of her voice, the anguish in her face.

"You shall not go, Laurie, unless it be of your own free will and consent."

Captain Hardross laughed.

"You seem equally well versed in law and in manners, Sir Gordon. I should be pleased to know by what law you would retain my wife?"

"She could get a divorce for cruelty," I replied; "I have seen you strike her—as have others."

Captain Hardross drew back at the words; an expression of infinite tenderness came over his face.

"Was I cruel to you, Laurie? Ah, I forgot—you used to drive me mad! You made me love you and hate you in the same instant. I—I shall not do so again, dear."

"Speak the word, Laurie," I said. "This man has beaten you and ill-treated you. Speak the word. I will go away to-night, and never look upon your face again; but my aunt shall protect you. You shall remain with her. Her solicitors shall take your case in hand. You need never return to him, unless you wish it."

Captain Hardross had grown very pale.

"Laurie," he said, "those are false words—do not let them tempt you. No man can set aside that law of Heaven which has made you my wife, and which must keep you so."

No wonder the poor girl looked from one to the other, dazed.

The scene was a cruel one for her, my innocent, helpless, beautiful love.

"Laurie," said the captain, "I am a harsh man by nature—harsh and stern. I married you, loving you more desperately, I believe, than man ever loved woman. The first moment that I saw you I loved you with a love that has been my doom. You were very young, my dear, far too young, too gentle, too sensitive, too delicate for me. I saw it afterward. Seeing it used to drive me mad. When I was most cruel to you I loved you most, when I felt most infuriated was when you were afraid of me and of everything belonging to me. Laurie, I will never be cruel to you again."

He drew nearer to her, but my darling shrank from him as though he were going to strike her a blow; and when Eric Hardross saw that he hid his face in his hands with a low bitter moan.

So again we three remained in silence too awful for words.

Laurie was the first to recover herself.

I believe that up to that time she had been too completely dazed to know what she was either doing or saying.

Now she sat upright and passed her hand over her brow as though she would fain sweep away her tangled thoughts.

Then she rose quietly, her serene grace and self-possession restored to her, her face white as death, a nameless sorrow in her dark eyes.

"I had forgotten," she said, turning gently to him; "I had believed implicitly that you were dead. I was not quite myself when I saw you first. All you have said is quite true; I am your wife—my place is with you."

She spoke calmly, but that did not prevent her voice having in it the ring of true despair.

"I—I will go with you," she continued; "but you must be patient."

Then I spoke.

"It is of your own free will, Laurie? Remember that no power on earth shall take you from here unless you really wish to go."

"It is my duty," she said, in a passionless voice; "there is no choice in the matter."

"Because I would die for you," I cried recklessly; "just as readily as I would live for you."

There was unutterable faith in the sad, tender smile she gave me.

"I know it," he replied.

Then the captain spoke.

"I gave my wife into your care—I left her in your charge, Sir Gordon; but that did not mean that you were to steal her heart away from me. She might have loved me in time but for shipwreck and for you."

"I am no judge Captain Hardross," I replied; "but I cannot fancy any woman loving a man who strikes her."

The pale, sweet face was turned to me.

"Hush, Gordon! We will say no hard, bitter words; it is as though he were risen from the dead."

It pleased and eased my heavy heart even then to find how she associated herself with me.

Captain Hardross jealously tried to take her hand in his.

"You are pleased to see me?" he said. "You are glad that I have escaped death."

"Yes," she replied, gently, "I am glad that you are living and well."

"It is not exactly the kind of greeting that I have been dreaming of for months past," he said bitterly; "but I belong to the class who cannot be choosers. I had myself tolerated, not warmly welcomed. That I could hardly expect."

"We will not recriminate," said the gentle voice, so low and faint now that I feared her strength was failing.

A fiercer mood was evidently taking possessing of the captain.

I saw his face darken and the angry glow appear in his eyes.

"I shall be glad if you can return with me at once," he said. "I left a carriage

outside the Court, and we will walk to it."

My brave gentle love, so anxious to do right, looked up at him.

"So quickly, Eric? My father is here. You will like to see him."

"Is it too quickly? Every moment you stay in this house is an insult to me. I have no wish to see your father, no wish for anything but to take my wife from the presence of the man who has dared to love her."

I would not bandy words with him. I would not quarrel with him in her presence, although that was evidently what he wished to drive me to.

"Laurie," I cried once more, "only speak the word, not for my sake, but for your own. Say you would rather not go away with him, and, by Heaven, you shall not!"

"Those whom Heaven has joined together let no man put asunder," she said. "I will accompany my husband, Gordon; and I will go at once."

She turned to him with infinite grace and sweetness.

"I have loved him very much, Eric," she acknowledged, slowly. "He has been very good to me, and I am leaving him forever. I shall never see him again."

"Not if I can help it," interjected the captain.

"I have not had a very bright life," she went on, in the same sad gentle voice; "but since I have known him he has been very good to me. I have never kissed him but once, Eric. I am saying good-by to him forever; may I kiss him once again?"

"If you like," he replied, "it's no business of mine."

But he stood and watched her with jealous eyes.

She came up to me, her fair, colorless face raised to mine; her innocent lips touched mine with a kiss such as a sister might have left on a dead brother's face.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said; "you have been very good to me. Good-bye!"

I wonder that I did not die in that hour.

Suddenly he came up to her.

"Stand still!" he said, in a low angry voice.

She obeyed him.

"Take off those things!" he cried, pointing to the diamonds she wore. Her trembling fingers could hardly unclasp them; he would not wait.

He gave one pull at the diamond necklace and the precious stones fell like a shower of fire.

"Take every ring from off your fingers!" he cried.

She obeyed him, and laid them, a small glittering mass, on a table near.

He looked at the white trembling fingers.

"Where is your wedding-ring?" he asked suddenly.

She looked at me with wistful eyes.

"I have it, Captain Hardross," I said. "When I hoped that lady would be my wife, I took it from her."

"You cannot refuse to return it to me," he said; and I—well, only heaven knew the bitterness of my heart in that moment. I took the ring from my pocket-book, and laid it on the table.

He took it up and placed it on her finger.

I saw her white lips part with a great tearless sob.

"Now," he said, "are you ready, Laurie? I am tired of this."

She held out her white hands to me with a trembling gesture. I dared not touch them.

"Good-bye!" she said; and with a passionate cry I tore myself away, while they passed out into the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW they went away from the Court I never fully knew.

I remember hearing the sound of carriage wheels, and it pierced my heart like a sword.

Then—it seemed a long time afterward—Lady Meretoun came to me as gently as a mother might have done, and clasped her arms round my neck.

"I am sorry for you Gordon," she said.

"It will not bear talking about, aunt. Do me one kindness, the last that I may ask from you—arrange for me so that I may get away from here unseen, and then disperse my friends. I can bear my trouble alone; but, if anybody comes to me prating about comfort, or time, or sympathy, I shall go mad."

When the darkness of night had set in, a carriage was brought up to the door. I entered it and drove away. Whither—into what unknown world, what new region of pain and sorrow?

Hitherto I had known no trouble, my life had been one unbroken glow of sunshine.

Except from the wreck and the sojourn on the island, I had never even suffered any discomfort.

Now all was changed.

I had entered the mysterious region of suffering in which, it is said, souls grow pure.

I bore my pain badly.

I believe that it drove me half mad.

I remember the pain that was like a sharp dagger in my heart, the fire that seemed to burn my brain, to destroy my senses; for I had lost her—my darling, my love—and should never see her again.

I kept my darling's memory pure. I did not plunge into the midst of dissipation—I did not drown my sorrow in the wine cup.

I bore it.

I went away to a remote spot, and there I remained, not until my sorrow grew less—it never did that—but until I had grown stronger and was better able to bear it.

Then I took up the duties of life again and went home to Egremont.

I never entered the room that had been specially prepared for my love.

The blinds were drawn in the boudoir—it was as though a dead body lay therein. I did not make inquiries about Laurie. Lady Meretoun wrote and told me when old Mr. Stuart went home, describing his sorrowful dismay, but of Laurie I heard nothing.

I dared not ask.

A year after this, when I was still at Egremont, slowly, dully wearing my life away, I read in one of the London newspapers that Captain Eric Hardross had sailed for Valparaiso in command of the Royal Albert, and in the list of passengers who sailed with him was the name of his wife, Mrs. Hardross.

I wished afterward that I had not read the intelligence—it haunted me. Laurie on the sea again!

Laurie, so timid, so frightened—Laurie on the sea without me, with no one to comfort her, with no one to say even a word to allay her fears!

I could not endure to think of it, the idea used to drive me frantic.

My darling Laurie so helpless, so lonely, and who would have been so happy with me!

I could not rest.

The land that she loved so well was distasteful to me.

Whenever my eyes rested on the trees and blossoms, I thought of her—when the dew fell and the birds sang, I thought of her—until England grew distasteful to me, for her sweet sake, and I longed with an intensity of longing to be on the sea.

In some vague fashion it seemed to me that I should thus share her dangers and her perils.

So for five years I wandered through all lands.

Egremont was shut up; and Lady Meretoun wrote to me from time to time, praying me to come home and give up my wandering life.

"There are other women in the world," she said, "besides Laurie Stuart;" and as I read the words I said to myself, "Not for me."

She was the one woman in the whole world for me; there was no other.

I had but one love, and I was constant to it.

I came to England at last—it was the beginning of May.

I landed at Dover, and there I met an old friend—Sir Albert Pamfret.

He had just purchased a large magnificent yacht, and was looking for a party of friends to cruise with him.

He took me to see his yacht, proud of it as a young husband of his wife.

"What do you call it?" I asked; and Sir Albert laughed as he answered.

"You shall name it for me."

Without stopping to think, I cried:

"Call it Annie Laurie."

The idea pleased him, and he adopted it.

Because the yacht was named after my darling, I loved it like some living thing.

I could not keep away from her—I wanted to be always on board—the smallest detail about her interested me infinitely. Sir Albert laughed at me.

I was astonished at the large party he had invited—his wife, her sister, Lady Lenora Acton, several officers, a beautiful blonde—a Miss Harrold—a party of more than a dozen people, and a crew of ten.

We were to cruise round the British Islands, not to cross the seas—and every one seemed in the best and highest spirits.

Can any one live two lives?

If so, I lived them.

I talked, ate, drank; I laughed when others laughed.

I talked when they talked, I did as they did.

Yet all the time my heart and thoughts were with Laurie.

Time must have passed quickly—it seemed to me long since we had sailed from Dover.

All went merrily until we came to the Yorkshire coast, and then the crowning event of my life happened.

Off the Yorkshire coast the weather changed.

Hitherto we had had bright sunshine, blue skies, and a fresh breeze.

The Annie Laurie had behaved splendidly, and the life on board was one long round of gayety, flirtation and amusement.

But when the yacht had rounded one of the headlands that make the coast of Yorkshire so picturesque, a change came. I was on deck, where I liked to pace alone, watching the water and dreaming of what I had lost.

The passengers were all below, lingering over one of the dainty little dinners Sir Albert loved.

Looking northward, I saw in the brilliant sky a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. I thought nothing of it at first, little dreaming that that cloud held my life as it were in its dark depths.

Sir Albert was the first to come on deck, and I showed it to him.

He laughed.

"A cloud no bigger than a man's hand! There is no need of anxiety about that, Sir Gordon."

I knew there was no need for anxiety about me—death had no terror, as life had no charm for me; but there were other lives besides mine to be considered.

I called the sailing master and showed him the cloud.

"I have seen mischief come from those dark northern clouds," he said thoughtfully. "I shall be prepared."

The little cloud grew and grew till it covered the whole sky. Lady Pomfret, followed by a number of laughing girls, came on deck. She looked round with a shudder.

"Sir Gordon, you have a real love for the disagreeable," she said. "Why stay on deck with such a dark sky and bleak wind? We are having a capital game of *ecarte*. Will you join us?"

I thanked her, but declined; the on-coming storm had a charm for me.

Her ladyship, with her young friends, went below.

I heard sounds of laughter and song ascend from the cabin; but I saw that some of the crew wore anxious faces, and, sending for Sir Albert, I told him.

The sky was quite dark then, and the clouds were so low as almost to seem to touch the water; the wind blew with a peculiar shrill whistle—not a moan such as it makes through the trees when a storm is brewing, but a shrill peculiar, terrible whistle.

Yet Sir Albert only laughed.

"We are going to have a storm—that is quite evident; but there is nothing to be alarmed about. We have a good boat and a steady crew; we must not mind if the wind be high and the sea very rough."

I was glad that he had no fear. He went below while night and darkness fell over the sea.

I remained on deck.

Since I had grown so tired of life, so tired of the dull continuous pain that never left me, I had often thought of death. Was death coming now?

Were the dark cloud and shrill whistling of the wind heralds of a storm that was to destroy us?

CHAPTER XII.

THREE more hours had passed and the full fury of the storm had burst upon us.

The wild winds lashed the sea into terrible fury; the yacht rolled and tossed—now high on the top of a wave, then low in the trough of the sea.

The hatchways were fastened down; the frightened ladies all huddled together—some of the gentlemen were no less frightened.

The sailors were busy and anxious; there was no doubt about it, the storm was a terrific one.

"If we can only keep off Grisby," said the mate, "all will be well; the yacht will ride out the storm if we can keep out in the open. If we are driven to the coast, Heaven help us!"

Not a word was said to the ladies of the presence of danger, and Sir Albert steadfastly refused to believe there was any.

"Boats not half so good as mine have weathered fiercer gales," he said.

He went below; I remained on deck. This was my second shipwreck—for such I knew that it must be.

The contrast was great between this and the last.

The Water-Queen had gone down in the tranquil calm of a smiling ocean.

The Annie Laurie was struggling with fierce winds and still fiercer waves.

I saw the topmast carried away, and so much damage done to the rigging that it was all useless. While the boat rolled like a heavy log.

"Heaven grant she may keep off the Grisby Sands!" said the mate. "But it seems to me she is drifting on to them."

While the wind howled and roared around us; and the seething waters rose in mountainous waves, he told me what the Grisby Sands were. They were sands dreaded by every mariner in those northern seas.

More vessels were wrecked on them than on any other.

"Is there no lighthouse near?" I asked.

"Yes, there are a lighthouse and a lifeboat."

The man's face wore a contemptuous look, as though he thought every child in England knew that.

Even as he said the words we saw in the distance the great streaming light; and the mate, starting back, cried:

"Heaven help us—we are on the Grisby Sands!"

There was a wild tumult—Sir Albert was like a madman.

"Great Heaven," he cried, "have I brought people with me for pleasure, and shut them up in a box to be drowned?"

He was more difficult to manage even than the unfortunate vessel, which was hopelessly stranded on a sand bank, the boiling seas dashing over her, with land quite a mile away.

Rescue seemed hopeless—no boat could live in the boiling surf.

We fired rocket after rocket, and at last from the men arose a cry of "The life-boat!" In a kind of frenzy they repeated it to each other.

They had been so sure of drowning that thought of rescue seemed to rob them of their usual steady calmness.

The life-boat—Heaven speed the life-boat! The men's lives hung on a thread. They watched the troubled eyes. She came nearer and nearer.

The hearty cheers of the men who were in her reached us over the wild waste of mad waves—then the men were on board.

Was I dreaming, or had the near approach of death brought strange shapes before my eyes?

Surely the leader of these brave men, the bravest amongst them, the strongest, the tallest, the mightiest, who seemed almost to control the very elements with his wonderful strength—surely that was Eric Hardross? I recognized the dark face though the waves were washing over us. I did not utter his name, but watched his deeds of prowess and valor in silence. He was the one who carried the fainting, terrified women from the wreck.

The sight of him seemed to fill my whole soul with a faint sick dread—all the pain and anguish of my loss came back to me—all the memory of my fair young sorrowful love so wholly in his power.

I have known people to make frantic efforts to save their lives and fail. I have known others court death and not find it. I longed for it then, and it would not come. I stood quite still on deck while the sea washed over me, but no wave could carry me away.

The life-boat was full, and there still remained a dozen on board.

"We shall return!" cried the captain. "Keep up your hearts, we shall return!"

And away went the life-boat through the terrible waves.

"We shall all be drowned before they return," said one of the sailors to me. "The yacht is full of water."

How long a time it seemed before the life-boat came back again for the second cargo!

The storm had increased in violence—the roaring of the wind and the mad beating of the waves were horrible to hear.

"Quick, men, as you value your lives! Quick!" cried Captain Hardross.

One by one the exhausted sailors dropped into the boat.

"No more!" cried the man in charge. "We shall hardly land with these. The boat is overladen. Quick Captain Hardross!"

"Is every soul on board taken off?" cried the captain; and then the feeble voice of a half drowned man cried—

"Sir Gordon is not here!"

"What Sir Gordon?" thundered the captain.

"Sir Gordon Clanalpen," was the reply.

The next moment we two who had parted in hatred and envy stood amid the darkness of night, on the roaring seas, close to death, face to face.

"Sir Gordon," he cried, "is it you?"

"Leave me where I am, captain," I replied. "I am tired of my life, and shall not thank you to save it. I heard what the men said. There is room for one in life-boat—there is not room for two. Take your place."

He recoiled a step.

"One word of Laurie before you go," I cried—"one word! Is she living and well?"

"She is living and miserable," he said quickly. "Listen, Sir Gordon. She has never been happy one moment since—you understand. Now you can make her happy because she loves you. I cannot. For her sweet sake I save your life and lose my own."

Before I could speak, before I could remonstrate, he had grasped me in his powerful arms and dropped me into the boat.

"Row, men, row for your lives!" he cried. "You can return for me!"

But, as he said the words, he knew they were vain.

The yacht would be under water before the boat reached land.

I cried out, I protested, but my voice was drowned in the noise of the waters, in the roar of the wind.

It was simple madness to think that the men would take the boat back to the wreck because I asked them.

We reached the land, but I had recovered my senses by then.

Without waiting for either word or look, I bade the men fight their way back to the wreck.

"It is for the captain, boys," I cried—"the captain who has saved us! And I will divide five hundred pounds between you if you save him!"

They pulled like giants, they worked as men seldom work; but, when the life-boat reached the place where the wreck had been, there was no trace left of the yacht—nothing but the wild waves dashing wildly under the the fitful light of the moon.

Two hours later the whole of the shipwrecked party stood round a blazing fire in the best room in the chief hotel at Grisby and I, standing in the midst of them, told how the captain had given his life for mine. They called him a hero, but I would rather have died that it should have been as it was.

I rose with the dawn to seek his wife and tell her how he had died. I found her in a little villa situated at some distance from the sea.

She was unchanged, save that the years had left her pale and thin. I took her out amongst the roses, and then I told her my story. I had to tell how the man who had struck his wife, who had ill-used her, who had made her life wretched, had died the death of a hero—had given his life to save that of his foe, had in the last hour of his life shown a noble generosity that might have added lustre to the name of a saint.

* * * * * * *

As I finish my story, I look up smiling at my wife's fair face, and she asks me if I am writing about her that I look so intently at her.

We have been married nearly five years, and the time has been to us but as a single day. We have fair and beautiful children growing up round us; we have almost every blessing that Heaven can give. The storm passed over our heads years ago; the calm only remains.

In the church at Grisby is a beautiful memorial window, and, while colors remain or words retain their meaning, the story of the captain's heroism will never die. Even

my little children gather round my knees and ask me to tell them the story of the "good man who died to save papa;" and when Laurie hears it the tears tremble in her eyes, and she says softly:

"Poor Eric!"

Laurie is a great lady now—Lady Clanalpen of Egremont—but she is ingenuous, innocent, and simple as in the early days of her youth, when her terror of the sea was so intense.

Her praise is on all lips; men, women, and children bless her as she passes by, great ladies are proud to know her, the poor almost worship her.

Mrs. Stuart died in the second year of our marriage, but old Mr. Stuart lives with us at Egremont, where he considers himself indispensable in the training of the children; and, if any one ventures to raise the least objection to any of his theories, he says directly:

"Was any one ever better trained than Laurie?"

When I take my darling's fair hands in mine, I see two wedding wings shining there, and I am content that it should be so.

I shall never again remove the one given to her by Eric Hardross.

[THE END.]

Jealous.

BY F. B. NELSON.

WHY, what is that?" asked Caleb May as a man rattled up to the door of John Hutter's farmhouse, and dumped something heavy on the porch.

"Going to have company Jennie?"

Jennie Hutter shook her head.

"No," said she; "father has taken it into his head to have boarders, that's all."

"Some old gentleman who is going to write a book and wants quiet, I believe. What a bother."

Caleb laughed.

"He'll not bother you much," he said. "You are not interested in the crockery, nor do you sweep or make beds.

"The rose on the branch by the window will be troubled as much by his coming as you."

Jennie pouted.

"How idle you fancy me," she said. "I sew perpetually, and I made a custard yesterday.

"Mother won't let me do housework, and old Nancy always says—'Go away, and don't bother me, child,' when I try to help. I——"

"There," said Caleb, "don't make excuses.

"I'd as soon expect a humming-bird to turn kitchen-drudge as you; and you are to belong to me some day, and I shall lay you up in cotton as you lay your pins and earrings and like to see your little hands snow-white as they are now, if you are a farmer's wife."

Jennie looked down and blushed.

She had been betrothed to Caleb for two years, but she had not quite grown used to talking of it.

"Everyone tries to spoil me," she said. "You will work, Caleb; why not I?"

Caleb lifted her upon his knee as though she had been a child.

"Jennie," he said, "this is why," and he put her little hand upon his great brown palm.

"See the difference between us. I was made to work.

"A great, broad shouldered six-footer, with the sinews of a giant, and a constitution of a horse, and you look as if a breath would kill you—a fairy, just a little taller than those we used to read of in the gilt-covered picture-books years ago.

"When I first grew up and took notice of farmers' wives, I made one observation.

"As a general thing they're worked harder than the men.

"I've seen fellows with acres upon acres, and a fortune put away in the bank, whose wives did all the cooking, washing and ironing for a dozen hands besides their own children, women with babies crying after them and keeping them up all night, and maybe a slip of a girl half the time to help.

"Yes, my dear, and if in all these hard lives a thing was done wrong or forgotten, those men would talk of idleness, and scold and growl, and worry as if they had servants instead of only the delicate mothers of their little children to do their bidding, and then I've said this, Jennie—'When I'm married, I'll have a helpmate and a friend, a thing to love and cherish, not a slave.

"I know you are willing to help me, and you shall in fifty ways, but not, if I'm as I hope to be, a well-to-do man, as a drudge, darling."

Jennie nestled her head upon his shoulder and said nothing, though she thought—

"How good and tender he is, and how happy I am."

And what more Caleb intended to say, no one will ever know, for just at that moment a voice close to their ears said—

"Is this Mr. Hutter's?"

And Jennie flew from Caleb May's knee and began to crochet violently, her cheek as red as the Berlin wool she was knitting, while Caleb seized upon a volume of poetry which adorned the table and began to regard it intently, utterly ignorant of the fact that he was holding it upside down.

"This is Mr. Hutter's?" asked the voice again.

And Jennie, becoming aware that it was her duty to speak, replied—

"Yes, sir; walk in and I'll call my father."

Thereupon the gentleman entered.

"Don't disturb your father if he is busy," he said.

"My name is Jordan. I—I believe my trunk arrived an hour ago."

"Yes sir."

And Caleb lifted his eyes to see the "old gentleman who wanted to be quiet."

He saw a man of forty, very bald, but by no means elderly or plain-looking.

A very handsome man, in fact, with an air distingue, which Caleb, plain and honest he was, understood at a glance, and eyes brown, long-lashed, and bright, which followed Jennie's retreating figure admiringly.

"I suppose he wants a beauty for his book," thought Caleb.

"Well, he's welcome, and if he'll put her in as good and handsome as she is, I'll buy two copies."

Then Caleb looked at his big silver watch remembered that the man whom he was to see about the two calves which were to be sold would be waiting, and walked away homeward.

And why, thinking it over, he should be sorry that the new boarder was a handsome middle-aged man instead of the old bookworm he had expected, Caleb could not tell.

"What is that man to me?" he said again and again.

"I'm an idiot, and I'd trust Jennie with the handsomest young fellow under the sun, I'm certain."

Sunday was Caleb's visiting night.

The evening when, after the old-fashioned country custom, the family absented themselves from the parlor, and left the courting couple alone.

On other days Caleb might drop in, but he was not expected or prepared for.

On Sunday, therefore, Caleb went over to the Hutters'.

Tea was over, and Jennie was in the parlor, so were the old folks, so was Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan was very sociable, and talked a great deal.

Eight o'clock came, and he did not stir, still he sat and talked.

The old folks looked at each other.

"I'm afeard we're a-keepin' Mr. Jordan up," said the old lady.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Jordan," said the old gentleman.

"Not at all," said Mr. Jordan. "On these lovely moonlight nights late hours suit me best."

And he leaned back in his chair, as though he never intended to retire at all.

The conversation flagged.

All the better for Mr. Jordan.

He told them about his travels, and he liked good listeners.

Ten struck. The old folks arose.

"If you'll excuse us," they said, politely, "we'll retire."

Mr. Jordan excused them, and remained talking still.

The fact was that in society to which he was accustomed no young lady would have remained up alone to entertain a gentleman and it never entered his mind that while Caleb remained, he was de trop.

Caleb imagined the gentleman was trying to see him out and grew indignant.

He folded his arms and scowled.

Mr. Jordan hoped smoke was not disagreeable to Miss Hutter, and lit a cigar.

Finally Caleb, in a rage, hearing the clock strike twelve, took his hat and departed, and Jennie ran upstairs to cry, for Caleb had not kissed her at parting.

Caleb himself was jealous and wrathful, and as time wore on, nothing happened to change his mind.

The same thing was repeated evening after evening, and Jennie was not angry as she should have been.

Indeed Caleb was fast becoming possessed of the idea that she liked Mr. Jordan better than she had ever liked him.

"The impertinent rascal, he must know that she's engaged to me," said Caleb. "I'll show him what I think of him."

And accordingly he did his best to be rude to Mr. Jordan, and to show him that he was not welcome in the little parlor.

Mr. Jordan only fancied his manners uncouth and his temper bad, and devoted himself to Jennie, who tried to make amends for her lover's ill-behavior by great politeness, and who was terribly troubled, poor little soul, by Caleb's disagreeable manners.

Had she known the whole truth, she might have been yet more troubled.

Caleb's greatest fault was jealousy, and now that passion was boiling in his heart, and maddening him until the good-humored, well-intentioned young farmer was a revengeful, dark-browed, dangerous sort of fellow, with all sorts of wicked thoughts and feelings.

He hated the handsome man who was striving to win Jennie from him, and he was angry at Jennie, who seemed to encourage him.

At last, one Sunday, he did not go to the Hutters'.

"Better not go than suffer as he did," he said.

And neither did he attend as usual to his farm, but spent his time wandering about the woods, with gun and game bag, by way of excuse for idleness.

For a whole week he slept on the grass, and bought his meals at wayside taverns, or sometimes shot a rabbit or a hare and broiled it over a gipsy fire for his dinner.

There must be something done.

He must have it out with Jennie, and give her back her letters, and that golden lock of hair that lay against his breast—but not yet, not yet.

So he wandered about the woods like a mad man, and he was for the time to all intents and purposes.

The Sabbath evening came again, and he sat under a great elm, with his gun by his side and his head bowed on his hands.

It was quite dark, and no one could have seen him in the shadow.

Neither did he see two people who walked slowly past, but he heard their voices.

John Doolittle and Duckworth, old residents of the neighborhood.

"What's come of Caleb May?" asked one.

"Dunno," said the other. "He ought to hurry back; the London feller'll have his gal if he don't."

"Have her any way," said the first. "Mark my words, she's jilted poor Caleb.

"I see her and t'other sitting in the park like two turtle doves as I went past, and he's as rich as a Jew, they say."

"That's enough for any woman," said the second. And the two trotted off.

Caleb listened until they were gone, and then started up.

The image presented by the words, "like two turtle doves," lashed him to such a fury as he had never felt before.

"I'll kill him," he muttered. "I'll kill him, by Heaven I will."

And he examined his gun as he spoke, with a terrible gleam in his dark eye, and throwing it over his shoulder, hurried away towards Hutter's farmhouse.

It was a very dark night, moonless and cloudy.

Far away he could see the gleam of candlelight from the small parlor, and two dark figures with their backs to the window.

He knew them in a moment.

Mr. Jordan and Jennie Hutter.

"Together, together!" he whispered between his teeth, and strode on, crushing the green grass beneath his feet.

At last only the branches of a tall lilac intervened between himself and the pair.

He stood behind it, and looked at his gun again. He listened.

"I have something to say to you, Jennie," said Mr. Jordan's voice.

Caleb took aim, deadly aim, at the broad back of the speaker, and stood still again.

"I'll hear what it is and then kill him," he muttered.

"Yes, I'll hear it all. Then he shall drop at her feet just as she has given her false heart into his keeping, dead, and then I will end my wicked life, and the man who loves her and the man she loves shall die together."

His finger was on the trigger, and he stood like a statue of vengeance waiting for the words whose import he already knew.

"You must know I love you," said Mr. Jordan.

"You must be used to love and admiration.

"But perhaps you cannot guess how much.

"It is better than my life. Jennie, I adore you."

Caleb drew one step nearer, his teeth set, his eyes sparkling. Jennie said nothing.

Mr. Jordan went on—

"Will you be my wife, Jennie? I am older than you, but I will be very kind to you.

"Could you like me enough for that, my dear?

"You will never repent it. I am rich, and my wealth would be lavished upon you."

The muzzle of the gun rested on the window-sill, now, and Caleb May's breath almost brushed the thin, dark curls of Jennie's wooer.

"How will she say it?" thought Caleb.

In a moment more Jennie spoke.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I did not think—it never entered my mind that you liked me so. Your ways are so different from ours, and—and—you are so much richer and older."

"But does that make any difference?" asked Mr. Jordan.

"I don't know. If it was anyone else, I should say the same. I cannot say yes, Mr. Jordan."

Caleb heard the words and his gun dropped lower.

"Why not? Am I too old?" asked the wooer.

"I'll tell you the simple truth," said Jennie. "I am engaged, Mr. Jordan—I have been engaged two years to Caleb May."

"But you don't love the sulky brute," cried Mr. Jordan; "that can't be, Jennie."

"I love him better than anyone in the world," said Jennie; "and if the richest, handsomest and best man on earth were to speak as you have spoken to-night, and if he were poorer than a beggar, and were to lose all the fine, manly looks I like so, I should choose him before the other."

"You must, indeed, if you feel thus," said Mr. Jordan.

And without another word, he walked out of the room.

Caleb dropped his loaded gun on the grass, and walked in.

"Where have you been, Caleb?" she said; "and what have you been doing?

And he answered—

"Jennie, I've been in the woods, hunting rabbits, and as to what I've been doing, why, I've been cherishing wicked, angry, jealous thoughts, that I ought to be ashamed of.

"I've been bad at heart, as could be; but it's all over now, Jennie, and I'll never be jealous of you any more—never, my darling."

And Caleb never was.

The remembrance of that evening remained with him, though he could not bring himself to shock Jennie by telling her the whole truth.

Bric-a-Brac.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—Thomas Bell, the naturalist, tells a story of how a spider caught a tartar. A big bluebottle fly bounced into a spider's wed. The spider hastily presented himself, and threw his long arms around the fly. The fly returned the compliment, and, after tearing and battering the web to pieces, flew away with the spider.

THE TOAD.—Then, what an eye a toad has; one of the most beautiful in nature. And lastly, how interesting it is to watch a toad at the time he changes his skin, shuffling, by very slow degrees, out of his old coat and calmly tucking it into his mouth with both hands, until he has slipped the last of it over his head, thus preventing an accumulation of old clothes, and at the same time the existence of second-hand clothing stores in the toad community. And then what a clean toad he appears; and a clean toad he is too.

ABOUT A STORY.—Florence Marryat says that when Dickens was writing "David Copperfield," and at a time when its publication in a serial form was about half completed, an American firm procured somebody to write a conclusion, and thus put a bogus on the market. This version of the story married David to Agnes rather abruptly. Dickens had intended the same thing, but when the news of the audacious piracy reached him he forthwith introduced Dora, and made her David's wife with as little delay as possible.

FLOWERS.—Every flower of any note in the woods or meadows is associated with the memory of some saintly man or epoch of earlier times. The snow-drop was understood to mark the feast of Candlemas; the Canterbury bells not only cured throat disease—hence called throat-wort—but kept alive the holy memory of St. Augustine; the lily of the valley was understood to have first sprung from the sprinkled blood of St. Leonard, slain in a wood near Hastings where St. Leonard's has since been built. The harebell claims to be worn by none but those who are true. The black spots on the leaves of the common arum, "cuckoo-pint," or "wake-robin," are due to the same cause that colored the red heart's crimson chest, or twisted the crop-bill's beak, for legends differ as to which of these two birds plucked out the nails from the Cross.

TEN CENTURIES OLD.—A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. This rose-bush is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in some places the principal stem is as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the nave of the Cathedral, and this year the venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that, after its life of a thousand years, the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is apparently taking a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim at the fact. The person who takes charge of the ancient rose-bush is instructed never to give away a cutting, and its flowers, which are pronounced the very sweetest of the kind, are also jealously guarded from vandal hands.

A MUSICAL AMPUTATION.—The following amusing anecdote is told of the songstress Catalani. She was one day rehearsing at the Paris opera-house an air which she had to sing in the evening, when she found the pitch of the pianoforte too high, and gave instructions to have the instrument lowered by the evening. Her husband, Captain Valabreque, volunteered to see her order carried out, and immediately sent for the stage carpenter and had the legs of the pianoforte amputated! The performance took place, and the lady was greatly annoyed at the continued high pitch at which she had to sing. She soon sought her husband, and remonstrated with him for neglecting her wishes. He, not a little hurt at being thus wrongly accused, insisted upon calling the person who had performed the operation, and to Catalani's utter astonishment called the carpenter, and said to him, "How much did you lower the piano, Charles?" "Two inches, sir," was the prompt reply.

FLATTERY REWARDED.—Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, painted, or fancied he painted, but his works were mere daubs. Such, however, was not the language of his courtiers, when descanting on the merits of the royal Apelles. On one occasion his majesty favored them with the sight of some new specimen. "Suppose," said the king, "that some great painter, Rubens or Raphael, for instance, had painted this picture, do you think it would fetch a considerable price?" "Sire," replied the Baron De Polnitz, who passed for the most practiced and most obsequious of his majesty's courtiers; "I assure you that a connoisseur could not offer less for such a picture than twenty-five thousand florins." "Well, then, baron," cried the gratified monarch, "you shall receive a proof of my munificence; take the picture for five thousand florins, which you shall pay me in ready money; and, as I wish to render you a service, you have my permission to sell it again." "Ah, Sire," cried the baron, who was fairly caught in his own snare; "I can never consent to take advantage of your majesty's generosity." "No reply," said the king; "I know that I make you a handsome present, by which you will gain fifteen thousand florins or more. But your zeal for my interest has been proved, and I owe you some recompense. Your love for the arts, and your attachment to my person, entitle you to this mark of my esteem."

THE SECRET!

BY RITA.

Just here, where the grass-grown and cool shaded road
Winds 'round the high brow of the hill,
We, walking together and gazing afar,
Stood suddenly, silently still.

You know that no husbandman gathered the fruit
That hung in the hill-orchard nigh;
You know that no laborer ploughed on the slope,
Or quarried the cliff—so did I.

But, gazing, the herds in the pasture-land knew
Full well that you kissed me in love;
And I was afraid at the flow'rs at our feet,
The wild birds that warbled above.

Think they will tell? Did they see? Did they know?
Will the dove coo the tale to his mate?
Will the flowers at twilight the secret of love
To the whispering breezes relate?

The blue autumn sky seemed to smile, and the brook
That always had warbled a song,
Or murmured its grief to the listening trees,
Laughed loud, as it rippled along.

Do you think it will babble the news to the town
That lies in the valley below?
Think you it will publish the secret at home?
Oh! love, do you think they will know?

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

THIS was not all; she took me to her room, made me take some liquor, gave me a valuable present and then, after locking the door, professed to tell me the whole mystery, and indeed told me so much that, if I had any doubt as to her identity—which I had not—it would have been at once settled.

"But the fact is, I knew more than she chose to tell me then, having gathered the facts from her lips on two occasions when she was in the condition I have alluded to.

"You will be surprised, madam, to find that with this knowledge I have not brought the affair to an end.

"But you will, on reflection, see that the woman's statement in itself would be insufficient to obtain a conviction, and it is that which we intended to get.

"Soon after twelve o'clock Sir G. arrived and an interview between him and S. K. took place at once in the library, which I took care to overhear. S. K. began by being very violent.

"It seems that on the night before she had been attacked at Melun by her usual disorder, or pretended to be so attacked, and that Sir G., instead of staying with her, as she intended he should, paid a medical man to keep her under restraint until the attack subsided.

"She reproached him with barbarity and many other faults, to all which Sir G. listened silently. When she was exhausted, he spoke.

"'Do you want money?' he asked.

"'I want more than that, and I'll have it!' she replied.

"'I don't intend that you shall,' he said.

"'You have to pack up your things and leave this house in an hour's time. After two o'clock the horses will be taken from the stable, and the servants will be discharged, and the house will be shut up. I am going away.'

"'Where are you going?' she asked.

"'As I don't intend to take you with me, and wish never to see you again, I shall not tell you.'

"'We shall see about that!' said she. 'I will follow you wherever you go, if you force me to hang to the springs of your carriage!'

"She was out of her senses with passion.

"At Sir Gilbert's direction, I packed her boxes—she would not leave his side for a moment—and they were carried to the railway-station.

"With that woman at his elbow, he paid the servants—making a liberal present to each in consideration of the abrupt termination of their service—and gave directions as to the disposal of the horses and the stock upon the ground, which he intrusted to a regisseur he had brought with him.

"Then he wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which he enclosed in an envelope, and, giving it to me, said—

"'There is a fly outside that will take you to the railway-station.

"'You are there, you will go to the address contained in this envelope.'

"S. K., hearing this, made a snatch at the envelope.

"I had no intention of letting her interfere with my plans, and she did not get it.

"She was absolutely beside herself, stupid with rage.

"I went away in the fly as Sir G. began to lock the doors.

"Outside the drive-entrance the groom was waiting with Sir G.'s horse, saddled. If S. K. had known how Sir G. intended to leave Valvins, she surely would not have let me go away alone in the fly!

"'We are going to England to-morrow, Pierce,' she said cheerfully.

"I asked her, as if it were perfectly immaterial to me, at what time I should have a carriage to take us to the station, and found that we were to go by the morning express to Folkestone, by Boulogne.

"When Lady L. had gone to bed—she retired quite early, saying she was fatigued and wished to be strong for the coming journey—I wrote a letter to S. K., telling her to wait in Paris until she heard from me, and, putting it into my pocket, went to the Hotel de Gibraltar.

"Finding that S. K. had not arrived, I left the letter with M. Avenet, the proprietor, giving him to understand that a grande dame would in all probability call for it, and there her stay in his hotel would depend upon her receiving it.

"His manner convinced me that he would not neglect my instructions.

"However, being still anxious, I went again to the hotel the next morning (yesterday) before seven o'clock, and learnt from the garcon who was waxing the stairs that the grande dame had arrived late the night before, and now occupied the front rooms on the first floor.

"In due time Lady Linton left Paris, taking me with her, and we arrived without accident in Folkestone, where we are now staying.

"Since our arrival Lady L. has received a telegram from her husband.

"She told me soon afterwards that Sir Gilbert would arrive to-day, and referred more than once later on to this fact, as if she feared that I suspected him of deserting her.

"He is to arrive this evening, and I take this opportunity of writing, as my time will in all likelihood be too closely occupied to allow of lengthy communication.

"The time for action is now, very close at hand.

"We have our hands upon John Barton; but, as he at the last moment may refuse to give evidence against his old master, we shall not rely upon him.

"We have no intention of leaving open the smallest loophole of escape.

"We are in communication with the police authorities, and at the proper moment we shall call upon you to identify S. K., that the other accomplice may be handed over to justice.

"S. K. will almost certainly deny her identity, and, as it will be well to have your evidence supported by that of another who knew her formerly, I suggest that under a plausible pretext you shall get your husband, Mr. Gower, to accompany you—an arrangement which I think, considering all things, will not be disagreeable to you. As we may require this evidence in the course of a few days, we beg you, madam, to be in readiness to come here or where else that circumstances require upon receipt of telegram from me or my partner.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. PIERCE."

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was late when Sir Gilbert Linton arrived at Folkestone.

"Did you think I was never coming?" he asked when his wife and he were alone, drawing her towards him.

"Do I look as if any such thought had been in my mind to-day?" she asked in reply, placing her hands on his shoulders, and showing him her bright smiling face.

"No, Gertie," he said, with a tender sympathy in his voice—"no.

"Your eyes are bright and big, and there's not the stain of a tear on your cheek; yet one can see that you have suffered."

"Do I look older, dear?" she asked, turning anxiously towards the glass.

"There's womanhood in your face."

"I don't mind that. Childishness has made me such a trouble to you, such a trouble to myself.

"Oh, if I had only been reasonable instead of giving way to an absurd jealousy!

"If you had only had a wife who could see through appearances, and judge every action in a calm philosophical way, a wife like—like George Eliot!"

"Why, then I shouldn't have had a wife like you.

"And that's the only sort of wife such a man as I can love."

"Ah!" she cried, it was half a sigh, half a moan of delight, and her hands, slipping from his shoulders, slid round his neck, and she lay against his breast."

"I don't think I shall ever be jealous again," she whispered.

"Not even of George Eliot?" he asked.

She shook her head without speaking, and pressed her smiling face closer to his breast.

"Oh, no!" she thought. "Now I am a woman, and have learnt how childish it is to be jealous, nothing can come between my husband and me to mar our happiness."

After dinner they went out upon the balcony which looked over the sea.

It was too late to see the sea, but it was pleasant to hear it breaking on the beach and to feel the cool breeze, and have nothing to disturb the harmony of their thoughts.

Gilbert leaned upon the iron railing of the balcony and smoked his pipe in tranquil silence.

Gertie, with one hand slipped under his arm, stood beside him, too happy to talk.

If he had thrown his pipe and put his arm about her, she would have been enchanted.

But, as he did nothing of the kind, but kept his arms akimbo on the rail, and smoked as if he had nothing else in the world to do, she just thought that he was the finest and manliest being in existence.

"Men would be no grander than women if all their thought was of love," thought she.

"There is a dignity in the silence of a man which no woman ever attains to."

She wondered what profound thoughts dwelt in her husband's mind, what noble reflections resulted from his silent observation.

"Ah, that fellow is going to light the gas at last!" Gilbert remarked, taking the pipe from his lips.

And sure enough the man lit the gas, and the prophecy was fulfilled.

An enormous glass globe representing the earth is the appropriate ensign of the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

At night-time it is illuminated from within.

When the man had lit the gas, Gilbert and his wife looked down upon the North Pole and a fair stretch of Europe.

"Can you make out Valvins, Gertie?" asked Gilbert.

"I can see where Cherbourg is, and St. Malo."

In his turn Gilbert speculated upon the thoughts in his wife's mind, for she was silent after that.

He did not speak for a couple of minutes; then he said—

"And you were wondering where we should have to fly to next?" he asked.

She did not reply.

He had rightly divined her thought.

But it seemed to her that it was a selfish speculation which ought not to have crossed her mind.

"Where should you like to go?" he asked.

She drew a little nearer to him, and, pressing his arm, said—

"Anywhere, dear, so that we may be alone."

"There's Greenland and there's Siberia and there's Alaska," he said slowly, looking down at the globe.

"But, odd as it may sound, I should say the safest place for us is that little spot marked in big letters—London."

"Do you think so, dear?" she asked hopefully.

"I do. I don't think the fiend would come to us there—not at any rate in the shape we most detest."

"I think London is a very nice place then."

"So is Folkestone in August, and I'm inclined to think it safe also.

"We might stay here, not in this confounded hostely, until October, say, and then go to town for the winter—eh?"

Gertie made a little mental calculation, and declared that October would do very well for her.

And then her thoughts ran off in speculations, and she felt how pleasant it would be to have dear old Mrs. Simpson with her when—when the time came.

"Then so it shall be," said Gilbert, knocking the ashes from his pipe and rising from the railing.

"And to-morrow, while you are busy with your needle, I'll unearth a house-agent and see if I can find a decent habitation not too near the brass band.

"Now give me a kiss, love, and go to bed."

While Pierce was arranging Gertie's hair for the night, she said—

"If it is not inconvenient to madam, I should like half a day's holiday before madam leaves Folkestone.

"I have friends living at Deal."

"Certainly, Pierce. You shall have two or three days if you like.

"I shall be most happy to mark my sense of your attention and fidelity.

"You can go to-morrow, if that will suit you."

"A week's time will suit me just as well, if madam intends staying at this hotel so long."

"I don't know how long we shall stay at this hotel.

"Probably we shall stay here only a few days; but that makes no difference to me."

It made however a good deal of difference to Mrs. Pierce.

She reflected for a short time, and then, in her quiet precise manner, said that, with madam's permission, she would see her friends the next day.

"Go the very first thing, Pierce," said little Lady Linton.

"I can do very well with the service of the hotel, and you need not return until you find that your holiday has been long enough."

When Pierce had done all that was to be done, and left her mistress, she put on her bonnet, slipped out of the hotel by the servants' passage, and went to the telegraph-office.

She wrote out two telegrams—one—

"From E. Pierce, Folkestone, to Miss Drummond, Hotel de Gibraltar, Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honore, Paris.—Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton leave here to-morrow night without me.

"I shall be on the landing-steps, Folkestone, at five in the afternoon to meet the passengers arriving by the express from Paris."

The other—

"From E. Pierce, Folkestone, to Mrs. G. Gower, Gauntly House, Camden Square, London.—S. K. will be here to-morrow afternoon.

"Please be hers, with Mr. G., to confront her. I shall be on the platform of the Folkestone station to meet the express leaving London, Charing Cross, 10.45 a. m. You will recognize me standing by the main exit, dressed in plain black costume, with one glove in my left hand and a small leather bag in my right.

"I shall assume to have been in your service previous to second marriage."

When she had delivered the papers and paid the fees, she returned to the Cosmopolitan.

The next morning she repeated the messages for fear accidents.

Then she went to arrange matters with her husband and the officers from Scotland Yard.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE morning was so charming that Gilbert, instead of searching for a house, took his wife out in a boat.

They came back to the hotel and had luncheon at two.

Then, the afternoon being sultry, he was easily persuaded to forego the expedition he had planned and pass the time in Gertie's company.

But about five o'clock a breeze sprang up and he determined to find a house-agent.

"If there is anything in the neighborhood I may perhaps go to look at it; if, on the other hand, it's a case of going far from home, I shall put the business off till to-morrow," he said.

"At any rate, I shall be home in time for dinner, seven or half-past, say." and with that he went away.

As soon as his back was turned, Gertie fetched from its hiding-place in the adjoining bed-room the precious parcel of needlework she had brought with her from Valvins.

Pierce was away with her friends at Deal.

They knew no one at Folkestone, so she felt absolutely secure for three or four hours of delightful work.

She was so happy that she could have sung over her work had she not had so much to think about.

She did not wish to think of the dreadful time by-gone.

Nevertheless, as she smoothed out the little robes and looked at them, she could not but remember the awful night when she had gathered them up in the dark under her mantle and carried them pressed against her aching heart.

It was a pleasant transition from that hour of agony to recollect what happened when she and her husband were in the train together, and he showed how unwise her jealousy was, and showed her the real letter he had received from Miss Drummond, and promised her that she should suffer no more, and that in a few days he would join her in England, to live like the hero and heroine of a fairy-tale, happy ever after.

And in making this concession to her he had sacrificed none of his own manly dignity.

He had not revealed the secret which he considered unfit for her to know.

That would have been unbecoming to him as a man, and unkind to her, for her shame would have been multiplied tenfold by a confession wring him from by her folly.

He had kept his word—as he always did—and now they were united again, and nothing——

At that moment she fancied she heard the door of the bed-room open.

No one surely would come in without knocking?

Nevertheless she pushed her chair back, in order to get a view of the inner room.

With a cry of terror she dropped the work from her hands and clutched at the arms of the chair in which she sat.

In the doorway of the bed-room stood Miss Drummond.

Was it really she, or merely some delusive vision resulting from the mental excitement she had lately undergone?

Miss Drummond spoke, and settled the question.

"Are you alone?" she asked, not in her customary tone of languid indifference, but shortly and sharply.

"How dare you come here? What right have you here?" Gertie demanded, rising, the knowledge that this woman was her husband's enemy giving her a force which she had hitherto lacked.

"What right have I here?" echoed Miss Drummond.

"Why, rather more than you! Where's Gilbert?"

She stepped into the room and cast a rapid glance round, as if seeking for some trace of him.

Gertie noticed a great change in her appearance.

She looked ill and old.

Her eyes were bloodshot, the sacs under the lower lids distended.

Her face was puffy, and had a gray unwholesome tint.

The heavy cheeks seemed to hang loose from the cheek-bones, her hair was disordered, and her dress was creased and crumpled with the voyage.

She had come straight from the boat, and given not one thought to her looks.

"Where's Gilbert?" she repeated, turning about to fix her eyes upon Gertie.

"He is not here; and I request you to leave my room," Gertie murmured.

"He was here an hour ago. I shall wait until he returns." She seated herself as she spoke.

"You will do no such thing!" said Gertie, going across the room towards the bell.

"Stop!" cried Miss Drummond, rising quietly from her chair, and putting her hand into the pocket of her mantle.

"If you touch that bell, I will fire.

Gertie turned in quick alarm, and found the Miss Drummond held in her hand the small silver-mounted revolver which had been her constant terror at Valvins, where

it lay always upon the little table in the visitors' chamber.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing, if you are reasonable," replied Miss Drummond.

"If you are not, I shall shoot you or some one else.

"Don't be a fool, and no harm shall come to you.

"Sit down; I have something to tell you."

Gertie hesitated a moment.

Then, with a woman's dread of violence, she sank into the chair by which she stood.

Miss Drummond drew a chair to the table, and sat down before it, resting her arms upon it and still holding the revolver.

"I am not afraid to use a pistol," she said, "and I'll tell you why—I am a murderess!"

Gertie shrank back in her chair, her heart contracting with horror.

"You know what happened at Monkden?" the woman continued. "Well, I am guilty of that murder."

When she was most tortured with jealous suspicion, it had occurred to Gertie that possibly this woman was Sophia Kirby; but she had banished the thought from her mind as being too horrible, too wildly unjust.

The accuse even in imagination her husband of harboring the wretch who had killed his wife was infamous.

"I murdered that woman because she was loved by John Barton—a man who fascinated me.

"If I had loved Gilbert half as well, I should have murdered you before now. I am mad at times, I suppose you know that, Gilbert has told you, I daresay; if he hasn't you might guess it by my being here now, where I might have been recognized and apprehended by the first man I met on landing.

"A word from you would do it. But I am inclined to think that you will render me another kind of justice when you know all I have come to tell you."

The perspiration was standing in beads upon her livid face.

She laid down the revolver and threw off her mantle.

Then she flung her bonnet aside and loosened her collar.

"I told you that I am mad sometimes," she said, leaning forward with her arms on the table again, and taking the revolver into her hand.

"When I drink too much, I am mad, when I'm jealous, I'm mad.

"Sometimes I'm drunk and jealous at the time; then I'm dangerous.

"I've been in that condition for two or three days now, ever since Gilbert shook me off from him at Valvins and galloped off, leaving me a raving maniac in the road.

"I tried to shoot him, and, if I had not been in such a frenzy of rage, I should have hit him.

"You think he did well to leave me there; you look upon him as a god, and think that he can do no wrong. I have come to undeceive you.

"He had no right to turn me out of that house, to shake me off as if I were vermin, to leave me there in the road uncovered, mad, with a pistol in my hand.

"It must have occurred to him that in my desperation I might kill myself; yet, when he heard that shot, he did not turn his head to find at whose heart it had been aimed.

"He must have said to himself, 'I have had enough of her; she is good for nothing.

"'If she takes away her own worthless life, so much the better.'

"Perhaps ninety-nine men in a hundred would acquit him; but you cannot. That was not a god who did that, not even a good man."

"You had no claim to his protection," said Gertie shortly.

"No claim!" cried the woman furiously; and she struck the table with the butt of the revolver.

"No," Gertie answered, undaunted.

Miss Drummond threw herself back in her chair and crossed her arms.

The barrel of the pistol pointed at Gertie, and she saw it without flinching now that she had to defend her husband.

After some moments, in which Miss Drummond never took her eyes from Gertie's face, and seemed to be considering how she could make the justice of her cause visible to one so blinded with love, she spoke.

"I shall make you comprehend that I have a claim to his protection, or I shall have come here for nothing.

"I don't expect anything from Gilbert's sense of justice now, but I do from yours.

"And I have a claim to your consideration and your sympathy as well. When I was at Valvins, I had the right to say to you 'Go out of this house; it is mine. You have no right to be here!'"

There was a ray of suspicion in Gertie's look which Miss Drummond saw.

"No," she said, "I am not mad; what I say is quite apart from the subject of my mania.

"I tell you that with a couple of words I could have turned you out of that house and separated you for ever from Gilbert; but I knew what I might expect from him by taking such a measure, and I thought to effect the same thing with more advantage to myself.

"I failed, being flung aside myself, and losing Gilbert as well.

"Now I have no alternative but to separate you from him——"

"Nothing shall separate us," cried Gertie; "if he shares your guilt—if he——"

"Oh, he had no hand in the murder, as you will see in a moment!

"That's not it, the reason why you must give him up to me, why must go from this room, and never see him again!"

She shifted her chair to come nearer to Gertie, and, putting one hand on her knee and letting the other with the pistol fall by her side, she leaned forward to speak with a wicked gleam of pleasures in her eyes.

There was a knock at the door at that very moment.

Gertie sprang to her feet, as if some one had come to deliver her from a terrible fate.

Perhaps it was Gilbert himself!

"Wait; you shall hear!" cried the woman, clutching at Gertie's arm.

The door opened, and the servant who had knocked entered.

Miss Drummond was not to be stopped.

Leaning still closer, she whispered hoarsely four words into her ear.

Gertie fell back into her seat as if she had been stunned.

* * * * * *

The servant who entered the room was Mrs. Pierce.

Gertie, overwhelmed by the discovery which had just been made to her, could see nothing singular in the fact that she had returned from Deal before her time.

Pierce presented a card.

Gertie looked at it apathetically for several minutes, unable to detach from her thoughts the words that seemed perpetually to echo in her mind.

"The lady wishes to see madam upon a matter importance," said Pierce.

Gertie shook her head, as if to disembarrass herself of the cloud that enveloped her faculties.

Then, having read the card once more, she started to her feet, looking from it to Miss Drummond in horror.

Her ear caught the sound of a voice outside.

Pierce, going to the door quietly, put her foot against the bottom of it and her hand upon the lock.

"Look, look!" whispered Gertie, putting the card in Miss Drummond's hand.

Miss Drummond shrugged her shoulders.

"What does it matter?" she asked.

"Think, think!" cried Gertie. "Oh, hide yourself!" She is coming! For Heaven's sake go into that room!"

Some one pushed the door from without.

Pierce's toe acted as a wedge.

"She is here, she is here!" Gertie ejaculated, dropping her voice.

Miss Drummond looked at her with a kind of pitying interest, and then, with another shrug of her shoulders—as if the thing was worth discussion—she went slowly from the room into the adjoining chamber and closed the door.

Pierce withdrew her foot, and the door opened.

Mrs. Gower entered with a quick impatient step, and, stopping abruptly, looked around the room and then at Pierce, who silently withdrew.

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Gower, in a tone of suppressed fury, finding no one in the room but Gertie. "Where is that woman?"

"This is my room. I do not understand what you want."

"I want that woman—Sophia Kirby!"

"She is not here."

"She is here! She came into this room half an hour ago!"

"I give you my word of honor, Sophia Kirby is not here" Gertie cried, with all the firmness she could muster.

"Your word of honor! What value do you think I attach to that? If you have connived at her escape you shall suffer for it—you and that wretch—your husband—together!"

"She has not been here, and I have not connived at her escape. And if you speak ——"

She faltered and stopped.

"Oh, I know you better than you imagine! Ah, will you tell me now that Sophia Kirby is not here?"—saying this, Mrs. Gower picked up from the shadow of the table the bonnet Miss Drummond had cast aside.

"She is here!" she continued, raising her voice and stamping her foot. "And you have concealed her that your husband's complicity with her in the murder of my daughter may not be discovered! But she will not escape. The police are in the house and every exit is guarded!"

Gertie put her hand upon the table for support, and looked at Mrs. Gower in silent terror.

"You have reason to fear!" cried Mrs. Gower, exultingly. "Your day of triumph is over, and mine begins. Every action and thought of your life, from the time you first met Gilbert Linton, is known to me. I know how you have held me up to ridicule, conspired with my fool of a husband and my children to deceive and mock me. I know how you made love to Gilbert Linton in my daughter's lifetime, how you led him to the act which made him free to marry you. I set the detectives on your track, suspecting your husband's guilt. Your woman Pierce was in my pay, and reported all that happened to me. We advertised for Sophia Kirby, and gave her your address. We helped her to excite your jealousy; we set her again upon your track when you came here, and we procured the warrant and officers for her arrest. And do you think at the last moment that we are to be thwarted by you?"

"You have no proof that the woman you have tracked to this room is Sophia Kirby."

"No; but we shall have. I know her. I will unmask the creature who calls herself Miss Drummond. She is in that room."

She made a rapid movement towards the door.

Quicker than she, Gertie ran to the door, standing before it, facing Mrs. Gower.

"You must not pass—you shall not go into that room!" she panted. "Oh, for the love of Heaven, go and send the officers away, if it is true that you have brought them here!"

"True? You shall see!"

She turned about to go to the opposite door.

Gertie flew to her side and held her arm.

"For mercy's sake," she cried, "do nothing rashly! It is for your own happiness I speak. Listen to me."

"I will not listen to you! I will have no mercy. I will not rest until your husband and that woman are brought to justice!"

She struggled to get to the door, Gertie still clinging to her arm and imploring her in broken sentences to desist.

She had her hand upon the lock when Gertie gasped—

"Listen, listen! It is not Sophia Kirby, I swear—Sophia Kirby is dead! It was she who was murdered—she not your daughter. Pierce has misled you."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Gower. "What! Sophia Kirby dead! Who murdered her?"

A bolt was shot in the lock of the bedroom door, a handle turned, the door opened, and there stood the woman Mrs. Gower had hunted down.

"Oh Heaven!" she shrieked, flinging up her hands, as if to shut out that object from her view; and then, falling back against the door, she muttered, "My daughter!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

GILBERT had looked at two houses; the agent had yet another to show, situated on the other side of Folkestone. Gilbert looked at his watch.

"Just six—time enough for a dip in the sea before dinner, and that's all," he reflected.

Promising the agent to meet him the next morning and renew the search, he turned on his heel and strolled away towards the beach.

Presently he found that a gentleman and four young ladies were in front of him.

They occupied the whole of the path.

They sauntered a little more slowly than he.

To pass them he must step into the road—that was how he came to notice them.

A gentleman with four daughters is not an uncommon sight in Folkestone, even though the gentleman be short and stout and clad with scrupulous respectability in black cloth, and his daughters be voluble.

This gentleman in front was so excessively respectable and the young ladies were so very voluble that Gilbert could not for two minutes doubt that it was Mr. Gower and his girls.

Then one of the girls looked across the road—as young ladies do when they hear a gentleman's footstep in the rear—and, catching a glimpse of Gilbert with the corner of her eye, turned rapidly to her sisters and seemed to be communicating a suspicion; after which they all turned their heads furtively, Mr. Gower included, to look upon the other side of the road.

Gilbert saw the profiles of the whole family, and the next moment they were upon him.

"Oh, whoever would have thought to meet you here?"

"Have you brought little Lady Linton with you?"

"Where are you staying?"

"When did you come?"

"How is she?"

These were the questions which Gilbert singled out from the many and replied to.

"I don't know who expected to meet me here; and I have brought Gertie; and she is very well; and we came quite recently; and if you want to know where we are staying you had better come with me. The house is large enough to hold you all, and I have no doubt the cook will be equal to the occasion. What's the matter, Gower?"

Mr. Gower alone had held his tongue, and, with his feet planted apart, was poking, in a fit of gloomy abstraction, a hole in the path with the end of his umbrella.

"Oh, pa's been catching it!"

"And he won't tell us a word about it—a disagreeable old thing! Ma's here, you know."

"We were all brought here this morning, and we didn't know a word about it last night."

"There's a mystery!"

"Ma's been going about the house with a three-act drama look in her face for months."

"She's gone somewhere now, and pa won't tell us where."

"Pa can keep his secret; he'll want us to keep one before long, perhaps."

"Pa's like that gentleman in the 'Arabian Nights' whose wife ate nothing but boiled rice in public; he's found out that ma's a ghoul, and doesn't want us to know her favorite churchyard."

"Look here!" said Mr. Gower at length. "Never mind what I'm like. Just you go down on the beach and throw stones in the sea. You've done nothing but bother me the whole afternoon. I won't have it! You've no more respect for me than if I were a little boy. Go on in front! I want to speak to you, old man," he added, drawing Gilbert aside. "Where's your wife?"

"I left her at the hotel a couple of hours ago."

"Then you go back to her as quickly as you can. I won't detain you with useless explanation. All I need tell you is that my wife and that woman who is staying with you in France are there. She wanted me to go there with the girls, but——"

Gilbert waited to hear no more.

Without a word, he bolted off to the hotel.

At the foot of the stairs a couple of men were stationed who would have stopped him; he thrust them aside and ran up two steps at a time.

A group of people stood in the passage.

Pierce and three or four men were before the door of his room, Pierce and another with their ears at the panel.

Just then he heard the crash of a body falling against the door on the inner side.

Those who stood on the outer side started back.

He tried the handle, and then putting his shoulder to the door, he forced it open and entered.

One of the men would have followed; but the door slammed to, crushing his finger and causing him to draw back with a howl.

Mrs. Gower it was who threw her weight against the door, and, shutting it, quickly turned the key.

Gilbert stood panting for breath in the presence of the three women.

Gertie sat with her hands clasped and her head bowed down.

Mrs. Gower, now that she had fastened the door, stood with her back to it, staring wildly at her daughter, who alone seemed indifferent to the peril in which she stood.

She looked from Gertie to her husband, and then to her mother, and with a contemptuous laugh threw herself upon a couch by the bed-room door.

"This is what you have brought me to amongst you!" she said.

Gilbert went to Gertie's side.

"No, no!" she said, quickly. "You must go to her—you must save her—she is your wife!"

"This is my mother's doing," said Elgitha, stretching her arms out on either side and resting them on the back of the couch as she fixed her venomous eyes upon Mrs. Gower. "It seems that she gave me the clue to your hiding place at Fontainebleau, set this trap for me, and lured me into it——"

There was a heavy knock at the door.

"Save yourself, save yourself! Don't you hear?" Mrs. Gower cried, in a voice hoarse with terror.

"Perhaps you'll tell me how I am to save myself, or, better still, save me yourself with the same cunning that you have employed for my destruction."

"Is the outer door of the bed-room locked?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes; the key is in my pocket," said Elgitha. "If Mrs. Gower will have the goodness to send away the police officers she has brought here to arrest me, we can go out that way."

The knock was repeated, and a man's voice demanded admittance.

Gertie started from her seat and appealed to Gilbert.

"She is your wife Gilbert; she must be saved!" was all she could say.

Elgitha sat unmoved on the couch, never taking her evil eyes from her mother's face.

"I owe you a good deal, madam," she said. "I might have been a very ordinary woman without your fostering care—a draper's assistant, as you were perhaps—no more; but you have raised me step by step to my present position. You ought to be proud of your handiwork. Not many women are so talked about in the newspapers as I shall be."

While she spoke a conference was going on in the passage outside.

Mrs. Gower, with her body bent, her arms drawn up, and her fingers contracted, looking like some beast preparing to spring, turned first to the door, then to her daughter, and again to the door, trying to catch the sense of all the sounds that fell upon her ear.

"They are going to burst the door!" she cried, suddenly.

"You'd better save me, mother," said Elgitha, ironically. "Come, make another effort—something to undo the work of a life!"

Mrs. Gower heard only the bursting of the door.

Clasping her hands, she made a movement towards her daughter, as if to beseech her consideration, and then turned away speechless, seeing the hopelessness of an appeal to her.

She extended her arms to Gilbert.

"Gilbert," she cried, "help me, for Heaven's sake! I was led to believe that the murderess was Sophia Kirby. The warrant is made out for her arrest. There is yet time to effect her escape. Only get her out of this room and I will do the rest."

Gilbert crossed the room, and, with an imperative sign, ordered her to rise.

She shrugged her shoulders and shook her head without moving her arms from the back of the couch or changing her position; but, as a panel burst under the pressure brought against it on the outside, she dropped one hand in the folds of her dress.

Gilbert caught her by the arms, and, setting his foot upon the edge of the couch, dragged her up by sheer force; then, shifting his foot, and throwing his arm under her, he lifted her upon his shoulder and carried her into the adjoining room.

He returned, closing the door behind him, and locking it as the door upon the other side of the room flew open and Mrs. Pierce with the officers entered.

Mrs. Gower threw herself before them.

"The woman you seek is not here!" she cried.

"No; but she's in the room yonder," replied the officer. "Come, mum; it's no use impeding an officer in the execution of his duty. There's no help for it."

He would have pushed his way forward, but she caught hold of his arm.

"Don't be violent, mum—it's no use at all. We've got a warrant for the arrest of the party, and——"

"Your warrant is for the arrest of Sophia Kirby!" Mrs. Gower cried, in passionate haste. "That is useless: the woman in that room is my daughter—this lady and gentleman are witnesses. You have no legal right to touch Lady Linton, my daughter. That is her husband; he will tell you she is his wife and my daughter, not Sophia Kirby. The woman there—Pierce—has been in error; she thought my daughter was the woman for whose arrest you have a warrant."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Belle Barland.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

'TWAS the night before Christmas.

The air was crisp and keen, and full of frosty gusts.

The sky was full of stars which seemed bending nearer to our poor earth and our frail human nature than they usually do.

All nature seemed in harmony with the time and season—the sweetest time and season of all the year—the time and season marked out by the divine hand itself as the tenderest and grandest earth will ever know.

Belle Barland was happy.

She had every reason for content and joy, and not one for grief or sorrow.

Life had smiled upon her in every possible way, and memory could have found little of shadow or pain in the eighteen years which had been hers in a world where sorrow and pain are so very common.

Nature had given beauty to my heroine; beauty of form and face, and of heart and soul as well.

Behind her soft brown eyes shone her true womanhood.

On her white brow was the equal stamp of loveliness and of intellect.

Not one could meet her and not feel that she was lovely.

Not one could know her and not feel that she much more than that.

Circumstance had made Belle Barland's lightest wishes laws.

Her father had great wealth, and she had never known what it was to ask twice for anything which money could buy.

A home of luxury had been hers for so many years that one would have guessed she might sometimes forget that there was want and woe outside its massive doors; but the poor could have told you she knew and remembered what summer's heat and winter's cold meant to them.

Books had been about her until he would not have been unreasonable who had feared that she sometimes put them all aside, filled with that contempt which familiarity breeds.

Miss Belle Barland could discuss finance with a senator, fashion with a society leader, and criticise the last novel—or an old Greek play; and do it all well.

Power had not made her overbearing.

Admiration had not made her heartless.

Belle Barland was not perfect.

But she was one of those grand young women, of whom we all know one or more, who are believed by us to be peculiar to American soil and as near perfection as evolution has permitted humanity to get in this age of the world.

The gathering at which Miss Barland was spending her evening was not a large one, nor a very gay one.

There was music, in plenty, but no dancing, and conversation had to satisfy some who would have liked cards better.

The lady at whose house the party was had the strange habit of insisting on "a quiet evening with her friends" and then, perhaps to overwhelm the stranger with the number of friends of whom she was the happy and fortunate possessor, she would fill her house full of people.

I fear that more than one person yawned behind his hand that evening, and found the whole thing so dull as to wait in anything but patience for the earliest hour at which it would do to leave.

And I have every reason to think that some had waited longer than fashion or etiquette demanded, in fine—as long as they had dared—before coming at all.

Be all that as it may, this is certain; that the group of which Belle was the center was not dull, and those who meant to sit within reach of her voice and smiles had not hesitated to come early.

I believe she was deep in an argument with a gray haired professor regarding the Great Pyramid when Charlie Lavalle came in, and I have a notion that she was looking for him.

Men who had sat for an hour listening, owning that the discussion was "rather deep water" for them and so doing little but listen, had not failed to admire her while they jointly pronounced the professor a bore.

Several saw that she let a whole sentence, big with facts and weighty with evidence, pass unheeded by, and rejoiced at it.

One only guessed why, and muttered "Curse Lavalle," under his breath.

Lavalle tapped with his finger on a chair near him.

It was an act which came back to him from the days when they had been school children together and had learned the telegraphic alphabet, in common with several others of their mates, for reasons which I fear not in accord with the true principles of school discipline.

"May I come?" was the question his finger beat out.

Strange that one who ventured upon asking a question in that way should have felt any question a necessity.

One man in the group, listening to the talk as to what the Ancient Egyptians really meant by what they did, read the signs as readily as either, and he waited for her answer as anxiously as Lavalle did.

No one else even fancied that the color deepened on the cheek of this young woman.

But Wayne Gellam was sure that he saw a deeper flush there, and he believed that Belle Barland was glad and eager to have the one who had so strangely questioned her come to her side, to talk to her and show the admiration for her which he felt.

Indeed it was a most winsome smile which she flashed across the room at young Lavalle, a smile in which more than mere friendly welcome shone before she let her long lashes veil the feeling in her great bright eyes.

But, with a perverseness which was as strange as it had been that Lavalle should have delayed and questioned if he cared to come to her, she went on with the quiet discussion in which she had been engaged, and the word which her handsome fan tapped out on her long and shapely hand was the word "No."

Charlie Lavalle had not learned how little a woman's "no" means—sometimes, and he stood in amazed and sorrowful silence.

None but Wayne Gellam guessed what his thoughts must be.

No other in all the great drawing room imagined that a dainty hand had put up a barrier between her heart and that of the man who loved her, a barrier light as air, a barrier it were the most fearful folly to notice, but one which might keep two lives apart from each other in the desolation of a half existence forever.

Wayne Gellam guessed it.

His hand trembled on his knee in spite of himself.

Words which were a prayer floated through his brain, but if one could have looked below them into his heart he would have seen that they were in truth a curse.

Charlie Lavalle stood for a long minute, for two perhaps, and the future of all the actors in this drama was in doubt.

Belle Barland talked on and on as though she had no better part in the life of to-day than the solution of the riddles piled up centuries agone in stony mystery along the Nile.

And Wayne Gellam could feel his breath coming quick and short and the blood dance in his temples as he watched the comedy of a thoughtless moment settle and harden into the tragedy of a lifetime.

Lavalle turned at last, turned slowly, turned as one would who was leaving everthing worth living behind him, looked across the room at Belle with the look a dying man upon the scaffold might give to the world he was losing, and passed out of sight.

Gellam walked to a window, raised it, and leaned out into the winter night.

He caught at the air with greedy gasp. He put his hand to his forehead and brought it away wet with the sweat of his agony of hope and fear.

"It shall be an eternal 'no' between you two," he said softly to himself, "and you shall never meet again in this world."

A grim sarcastic smile crossed his face, and he raised his eyes to the bright star-lit sky with a sneer upon his handsome lips. "Never again in this world, Charles Lavalle and Belle Barland, never again. In the next, if there is another, I shall have very little to say," and he smiled in his false and cruel way again, "but I swear you shall never be more to each other this side of the grave than you are to-night.

"If I can win her myself," and his face softened a little, under the influence of the noblest passion of which his bad heart was capable, "if I can win her myself I shall be able to escape all the disgrace that is about to fall upon me.

"With her for my wife I can snap my fingers at justice.

"Without her, well I don't care to think of that side of the question.

"I am only sure that if I cannot win her, Charlie Lavalle never shall."

Charlie Lavalle was gone.

Belle was grieved for a half hour, astonished for another, and at the end of an hour she was thoroughly angry.

Life looked such an easy thing to live in pride and unforgiving sternness as she sat under the blazing lights all about her.

She had a dim consciousness that when she was alone she should cry, that in the darkness she should forgive him.

But now she was angry.

This man who had almost told her he loved her, had dared to be so stupid and so unkind as to take her at her word.

Gellam at thirty-five was a far wiser man than Lavalle who was ten years younger.

Had Lavalle had Gellam's experience; had he known woman nature as Gellam did; this story would have been impossible.

On the other hand, had Gellam been as unwise as Lavalle he would have shown his heart to the woman he had determined to win so soon as to have fairly frightened her into refusing him, and into hunting up the other man and making peace with him as well.

Gellam knew how to wait.

He knew when he had waited long enough.

He resolved that he would speak only when his words would make his enemy's case more hopeless, whatever the result might be to him.

He was cool and calm.

He studied what he would say.

He ran over in his mind how he would look and act.

The stage lost when Wayne Gellam decided to be—well, not an actor.

"Will you walk in the conservatory with me?"

The words were almost a command, but poor Belle was ready to listen to a stronger will than her own.

She went.

The conservatory was almost entirely glass.

Outside the snow lay heaped against the walls, while within the fruit of the tropics hung ripe and luscious beside the rarest flowers from the most distant countries.

Overhead there were rustling leaves which seemed to whisper of Australian forests or Indian jungles or the wonders of the Amazon, while above and beyond them hung the glorious stars of a winter's midnight.

Outside, the wind wailed. Inside the fountains tinkled.

Outside, one might faint at what life had to offer.

Inside, one could never doubt the future unless one were more than wise.

Truly Wayne Gellam knew woman nature well.

Truly he knew what light and warmth and music and flowers meant to them.

Truly he knew how to contrast a heart's desolation with all that could go to make life pleasant.

He had heard what some one says of "hearts caught in the rebound," too, and believed in it.

He had taken every advantage which a skillful brain could devise, and still he doubted.

For there are some natures which would never step across the line of their convictions and their feelings, even if some false angel should offer them paradise to do it.

Wayne Gellam doubted wisely.

His wild tale of love fell on ears that responded only to another voice.

Wealth, which he did not possess; honor, whose meaning he had not known for years.

Fame, which he could never win; a share in his future, from which he himself shrank back in terror; all these he laid at her feet, and to it all she answered him without faltering or hesitating, and long before he would admit to himself the fact that he need talk no longer he felt down deep in his heart the truth that he had lost her forever, no not that; the truth that he had never had the slightest hope of winning her, and never would have.

His eyes were kind to the last; and his lips smiled although they were very white, and it would have taken a wiser one than the innocent and pitying woman before him to have seen that there was more than pain upon his face.

"I am sorry to have pained and troubled you," he said as he left her, then, when he was fairly out of her sight, he muttered, "curse her! curse her! curse her! Oh, fiends and demons, give me some plan terrible enough and swift enough to enable me to punish this woman who has slighted my love.

"Let morning see her wishing she were dead.

"Let her Christmas gift from me be a broken and a useless life."

* * * * * *

Love for the man who had not spoken, and a womanly pity for the man who had, made Belle Barland's bed a restless one and drenched her pillow with tears.

It is little wonder that she slept late when she did sleep at last.

The sun was shining brightly into her room when she awoke, and she awoke with a sensation of impending danger at her heart.

She could not guess, she could not faintly imagine why she should greet the clear and bright glory of a Christmas day with the feeling that her happy life had somehow drifted into the past and left her nothing worth living for in its place.

But, while she did not put it into words, there was still the feeling that her turn had come to know the pain and sorrow and trouble which there is between the cradle and the grave for all of us.

She dressed quickly, and descended to the breakfast room.

Her mother was there, with a greeting for her which had all the warmth and gladness of the Christmas time in it, but it fell upon Belle's heart like winter sunshine across a grave.

"Where is father?" she asked.

"In the library," answered her mother, "he came home late last night, and was away again before daylight this morning.

"He came in only a half hour ago, and went at once to the library, sending me word that he must not be disturbed."

"I shall not obey such a message as that on Christmas morning," said Belle, and before her mother could more than commence the objections which she would have interposed, she was out of the room and on her way to the library.

She opened the door of the great library with the sweet words of Christmas greeting on her lips, but something in what she saw before her left them frozen at their source and unspoken forever.

Her father sat at his table, his back half turned toward her, looking as though the night just past had added years to his age.

His head was bent wearily forward. There was sorrow and trouble and despair in his look and his attitude.

Books and business papers were piled high about him in the greatest confusion.

But his pen was moving slowly over a single sheet of paper apart from all the rest he looked like a wearied and broken man whose work was nearly done.

Belle moved forward.

Her father would most likely have heard nothing which might have happened near him then, he was so fully occupied with the work he had in hand; he certainly did not hear her.

She came and stood behind his chair, and read the words he had written, and then followed his trembling hand as he finished:—

"DEAR WIFE AND BELLE:—

I could endure poverty with you two, and even bear to see you lack the luxuries you have always known.

But I cannot bear disgrace and dishonor, so—good-bye forever.

DANIEL BARLAND.

He pushed the note aside, opened the drawer of the table in front of him, drew out a heavy revolver, and cocked it.

"For God's sake, father, what would you do?" cried Belle, and she caught his hand and fought with him for the weapon.

She conquered him.

Whether his determination faltered before the love and horror of one dear to him, or the girl found superhuman strength in her desperate need, I cannot tell you. But she got the revolver away from him, and he had fallen back into his chair again when the door suddenly opened, and two officers entered.

They were very respectful and kind, and indeed one was a warm personal friend of the family, but they were firm and very prompt.

In a voice which was broken with emotion, and with a manner which showed regret for the necessity upon him and belief in the man before him, the senior officer made his business known.

"The accounts at your bank would show that you are penniless, I fear," said he.

Mr. Barland bowed without a word.

"And the books and the funds of the bank were all stolen last night?"

The statement was half a question and half an assertion.

"They were."

The answer was quiet and even, but without anything of doubt or protest in it.

"I must do my duty, sir, and it has been made my duty to," commenced the officer.

"To arrest me," said Mr. Barland, "I know it. Do your duty without delay."

The officer's eye fell upon the shrinking form of poor Belle upon the revolver, and upon the letter on the table.

He put the letter in his pocket, and the first doubt he had shown flashed up into his face.

"Suicide! That looks terribly serious," he said to himself.

* * * * *

Our story is not concerned with the long trial which followed.

People judged and condemned Daniel Barland long before the commencement of the bitter fight which his lawyer made against the overwhelming evidence against him.

Nor could anything which the trial brought forth shake their confidence in their own acuteness and the righteousness of the popular verdict.

But the accused plead "Not guilty," and twelve men who were sworn to try him "according to the law and the evidence" took forty-eight hours in which to—to do whatever juries do—and then said that he told the truth and that the public was wrong.

Little enough, for a sensitive man, but his freedom was all Daniel Barland had won.

And the morning after the verdict Belle received a letter from Charlie Lavalle, and indignantly sent it back unopened.

CHAPTER II.

'TWAS the day before Christmas again.

A small and rude and inconvenient house stood alone in the center of a vast and snow covered prarie.

Not another building in sight as far as the eye could reach, except the rude shed, near this lonely dwelling, which offered an inadequate shelter to and horse a cow.

Within, a sick man, tossing on a bed of pain, going as surely and swiftly down to his death as ever man went.

And going to his grave only because dishonor had come to him.

Going to hide himself away from the living only because he could never look men in the face again.

Growing weaker every day, stooping farther into the valley of the dark shadow every night, going away from his loved one's in spite of his wild wishes, and all this, when a fortnight of rest and freedom from agonizing memories would give him back to life and vigorous manhood again, if that rest and freedom could only come to him.

Why could not a great and strong angel go abroad in the land, crying, "Daniel Bar-

land is poor, but he has injured no one, and never wronged another in all his honest life."

Why?

Perhaps because Providence has need of only the human angels, which are all about us, to meet our greatest human needs.

Belle Barland turned from the stove where she was cooking to her sick father and watching mother.

"I hear horses," she said, and walked to the door.

A dozen rough looking men were dismounting, and they followed her into the house, the horses all being left in charge of one of their number.

"Supper! And be quick!" said one who appeared the leader; then, as he saw the frightened glances which the inmates of the room cast at the weapons the men wore in their belts, he said, "We have no intention of harming you.

"We hunt larger game than the owners of western claim shanties," and he laughed roughly.

Supper was prepared, and the men ate it hurriedly.

The meal finished, the leader threw Belle a twenty dollar gold piece.

"Never mind the change," he said, "we are expecting plenty of funds by the express train to-night.

"We have appointed ourselves receivers of the express matter in transit."

With a laugh he mounted, and they dashed away.

"That means train robbery, and perhaps murder," said Belle when their rough visitors were out of hearing, "and I mean to prevent it."

"You," cried her mother, "what can you do?"

"I can ride Prince as well as any of the outlaws can ride.

"They have gone to the southeast, evidently intending to capture or wreck the train in some of the valleys near the river. I can ride straight south and intercept the train."

"But it is more than fifty miles, and the train will pass before midnight," urged her mother.

"Well, I must try, and I believe I shall succeed," said brave Belle.

"Go, and may God bless and keep you," said her father.

* * * * *

What a task for a woman to undertake; but Belle did not allow herself to think of that.

She placed the revolver which she had taken from her father a year before in her pocket, saddled Prince, mounted, turned her face toward the south, and started on her noble and perilous journey.

On and on and on!

No sound save her own heart and the steady hoof-beats of her laboring horse. Once in an hour, perhaps, certainly not oftener, she saw a light in some distant house. It gave her a sense of greater loneliness, and I fear that my heroine did not always keep back the tears as she dashed along.

Above her were the stars.

How could they smile down so severely upon her when her father was dying at home, and while the hurrying train was racing against her to its own destruction? How could it all be?

Was God good?

She turned her tear-wet face toward the sky half doubtingly.

A bright meteor flashed along before her, and died out in the darkness.

"Not a sparrow falls without His knowledge," she whispered softly to herself, "and He guides the stars. He is good."

With a brighter face she dashed on.

We cannot follow her through all that long ride.

She galloped up a long, long, low swell in the prairie; she reached the highest point in her journey; the ground sloped away before her, and there, not quite two miles ahead, was the railroad, at last, and she was in season.

Was she, though? Away toward the west there was a long, low sound, and it was growing louder.

She urged Prince forward still faster. In a minute she could see the headlight of the train.

How terribly fast it came! It was a race now, and a race for life! She lost. The train dashed by.

The woman who shouted and shrieked and begged and prayed them to stop was unheard and unseen—this side of the heaven she was trying so hard to serve.

A shower of blinding tears swept down, but suddenly through them hope shone again.

There was a station, away down the line a mile or more; she could see its light shining over the snow.

"Perhaps—perhaps—" well, she waited not to finish her thought.

She turned toward it and rode again as though the whole future depended on it.

Perhaps it did.

The train slackened.

She was actually gaining now.

But only for a moment.

The station was only one where trains stopped when signaled, and there were no passengers that night.

Why should there be, with not more than a half dozen houses in sight and none within a mile?

So the train dashed on, and the agony of failure settled in, in a chilling flood, over the heart of poor Belle Barland.

But another hope.

The telegraph! She ran her horse to the station.

The snow permitted little sound. Inside the one room of the low railroad building she could see, through the dirty window, the station agent bending over books and papers which looked strangely out of place in such surroundings. She lifted the latch.

The door was not locked.

She entered.

The man rose.

"Wayne Gellam!" cried she.

"Belle Barland!" said he.

"Quick!" she shouted; "there is a plot to rob the train to-night. Telegraph to have it stopped."

He moved over toward her.

"I will——" he commenced, then paused and looked at her strangely.

"Well?" she asked, impatiently.

"If you will promise to marry me."

"Why mention such a thing now. Human life is in danger. Telegraph, for God's sake."

"Charlie Lavalle is on the train to-night," said Gellam, and he caught the girl around the waist. "If the train robbers have marked this train for their own, and perhaps they have, for it has a hundred thousand dollars in its express safe, I believe, they'll ditch it at the bridge. Have you ever been there? The valley is a hundred and fifty feet deep. Promise to marry me, or Charlie Lavalle and all the rest may go in there to-night for all I'll do."

She sprang away from him.

He followed her.

She drew her revolver.

He paused and looked at her.

"Telegraph!" she said.

"Never, though I die for it," he answered.

The memory of her school days came back to her.

She knew the Morse alphabet, but had never touched an instrument.

Still, when she studied Natural Philosophy, she had learned something about it.

She knew that Gellam would not obey her.

She must try for herself.

It was awkward work, and having to hold her revolver in readiness made it worse.

But she succeeded.

"Stop the train! Stop the train! Stop the train!"

This was what her clumsy fingers sent over the line again and again for a score of times, while she paused a little after each repetition.

Gellam watched her with baffled hatred and admiration and doubt, all pictured on his face.

Suddenly the doubt left it, and the hate deepened while despair was seen also.

The instrument at Belle's side was bringing a message back.

She had won at last.

"What ails you, Gellam? What's the matter about the train?"

That was the message.

"Train robbers. Stop it."

Belle sent that back.

"We will," came the answer.

It was a long night.

Belle sat watching the man who crouched opposite her, and who never spoke for hours.

At last a line of sunshine, the first of the new day, came into the room.

Wayne Gellam rose.

"I have a revolver here myself," he said, slowly, "and I could kill you. I could have killed you when you sent the message to save the train. But I am not quite wicked enough for that, bad as I am. I loved you Belle Barland, as well as I could ever love. But when I lost you a year ago I swore to have vengeance. Here are the books of the bank, I robbed it. Your father is almost penniless, but he was never dishonest. I have lost you. You love Charlie Lavalle. You will be his wife. But I will not be taken and shut up in prison. I will die first.'

And he raised his revolver towards his forehead.

"Wayne Gellam!" said Belle, softly, "you have talents unused. Use them. Heaven will show you mercy. I give you your life. Go, and in another land be a better man."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

"Then I take you at your word. You may never see me nor hear of me again, but remember that when he dies your name will be the last on Wayne Gellam's lips."

* * * * * *

When the train came back to the station where she had held her lonely vigil, you may be sure that Belle was made much of.

She was too modest ever to tell much of what was said to her, and I believe that I, as her historian, should respect her wishes.

She dealt leniently with Gellam in the story she told, and, having captured the train robbers, the authorities acquiesced in her wishes and let him go unpunished.

Charlie Lavalle procured a sleigh that morning, and insisted on carrying Belle Barland home.

She went with him.

She knew that the crisis in her life had come.

"Will you read the letter you sent back to me unopened?" he asked.

She read it.

Why should not we?

"MISS BARLAND,

"My Dearest Friend:—I have just learned of the trouble you are in, and hasten to write at once.

"I shall follow my letter as soon as business which cannot be delayed will permit.

"Your father is innocent, as no one who has ever known him can doubt.

"I shall hasten to see him and offer him sympathy and aid.

"And now, Belle, dear little woman, let me tell what I longed to say that night when you sent me away.

"I love you. May I not come to you in your deep trouble as your best friend, with the hope of one day calling you my wife?

"Ever and ever yours,

"CHARLIE LAVALLE."

She handed back the letter.

"What would have been your answer; what is it to-day?" he asked.

Her eyes were cast down, and she trembled, but her lover heard one little word, spoken, oh, so low, a word a little longer than "No," and a world sweeter.

"Life for my father; the sweetness of great joy for my mother; love for you and myself; it is a great and precious load which we bring home this perfect Christmas day," said Belle, as they came in sight of her lonely prairie home with the glory of the sunset all around it.

"Yes," he said, solemnly, and then added in a lighter tone, "and you must enjoy this day as much as you can. I pray Heaven that my dear wife, that is to be, Belle Lavalle may see many returns of this day, and all as happy as this. But you must remember that I shall insist on this being Belle Barland's last Christmas."

A Milliner's Girl.

BY J. CLEGG.

I AM sure I could do that," said May Perrian.

She was sitting on an inverted starch-box in the middle of the kitchen floor, her round chin in her hands, her dotted cambric dress turned deftly up to protect it from all possible contract with dust and dirt; for Miss Perrian spent a goodly portion of her time in that identical kitchen.

Mark Perrian had been a well-to-do merchant once, but unwarily allowing himself to be persuaded into endorsing for a plausible villain, he sank almost as if by magic into the Slough of Despond which men call poverty.

He was not a man of much courage or endurance, and consequently he gave up almost without a struggle, took to his bed, and sent for a doctor.

And May, his eldest daughter, was left in entire charge of a battalion of younger children.

Servants had been discharged, the big house was exchanged for a shabby little tenement in a side street, and all expenses were curtailed as much as possible.

But May had all the spirit and energy that her father lacked, and this she could have borne bravely enough had it not been for the ever-increasing heritage of petty debt that seemed to weigh her down.

She was sitting on the starch-box, with a grocer's bill in her hand, her pretty brows knitted, and her lips pursed up in mute perplexity, when Annie Smith came in.

Annie had been seamstress in the family when they lived in the big house, and she had now been promoted to the position of general assistant in a fashionable millinery.

She was taking home an order, and she could not resist stopping to exchange a greeting with her young mistress as she came by the door.

"It's for Miss St. James," said she. "Just look, miss—such a love of a hat."

Miss Perrian turned the hat around and around on her hand, eyed the bunch of crushed roses, the cloudy folds of tulle, and the crystal butterfly that quivered on a spiral wire on the top.

"I am sure I could do that," said she.

"'Deed, miss, and I wish you had the chance," uttered sympathetic Annie. "For Miss Ha'wyn is ill—the best trimmer Madame has—and we're dreadful hurried.'

"Could you get one or two for me to trim? It would be so nice if I could earn a little money when the children are at school."

"I'll try miss," said Annie.

And the next night she came at dusk with a mysterious paper box under her arm, and her face wreathed with smiles.

"There's two of 'em, miss," said she; "one chip and one lace, with the flowers and trimmings in a paper. And if they suit, you can have plenty more to do."

May trimmed the hats to the best of her ability, studying over them as if they had been prize essays, or cabinet paintings, or anything else that required the deepest thought and the most careful manipulation, and Madame Denise went into ecstacies over them.

"She shall trim Miss Laplace's hat, Smith," said she to the pleased little assistant. "And tell her to do her very best."

It was a piece of pale pink crape, with ribbons of the softest sunset hue, and a cluster of delicate spring honeysuckles, that Annie Smith brought round that night to Miss Perrian.

"Miss Laplace is Madame's best customer," said she, with a pleased air of importance.

May Perrian waited until Dr. Lindsley had left her father's sick room—Dr. Lindsley, whose gentle patience and uniform kindness filled her heart with the deepest gratitude.

He looked in as he passed the open sitting-room door.

"Your father seems brighter this morning, Miss Perrian," said he.

May's soft brown eyes sparkled.

"I am so glad," said she. "And I hope, doctor, in a few days to be able to pay you at least a portion of——"

"Oh, there's no hurry about that," interrupted the doctor. "Time enough—time enough."

And the next instant May Perrian could hear his carriage wheels rattling down the street.

With a sigh she went to the cupboard where she had placed the half-trimmed hat.

But, as she did so, a pallor spread over her face.

Little Miriam, the eight-year-old girl, had chanced to find her younger sisters playing with the bottle of cod liver oil which Dr. Lindsley had prescribed for Mr. Perrian, and, to ensure its safety, she had climbed into a chair and put it into the safest place she could find, quite unconscious that the bottle had been cracked by the children's play, and was oozing its liquid contents all over the shelf where, alas! May had deposited the French crape and sunset-colored ribbon.

May stood a second or two looking at it through a mist of tears, while her heart throbbed so that she could scarcely draw her breath.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "I will go to Miss Laplace at once, and tell her the whole story. I will throw myself on her kindness and charity. The price of a hat like this is an insurmountable sum to me, to her it can be but a mere bagatelle. Surely she never can be cold and cruel to a sister woman."

Miss Eudora Laplace was in her pretty drawing-room, when the page with much social discretion, announced "a young person to see her."

And May Perrian, following her introduction, almost instantaneously stood in the young beauty's presence.

"Miss Laplace," said she, "I have been trimming a hat for you at Madame Denise's order. Unfortunately it is ruined."

And she told the simple story.

A dark frown gathered between Eudora's brows.

"And what do you expect me to do about it?" said she. "Of course you must pay for the materials you have spoiled."

"I am very, very poor," said May Perrian, with a quivering lip. "My father is ill, and——"

"Oh, yes, of course," peevishly interrupted Miss Laplace. "You needn't go on. I know the whole stereotyped story. Do you suppose I can afford to buy costly materials to be ruined by every milliner's girl who chooses to be careless about them? You will pay for them, of course."

"Miss Laplace——"

"No more altercation, if you please," said the arrogant beauty, tapping her foot stormily on the carpet. "You will pay for them. That settles it. I do not intend to be imposed upon by——"

"Miss Laplace."

It was a deeper, more serious voice that interrupted her this time—the voice of Dr. Lindsley, who parted the draperies that divided the boudoir from the sleeping-room beyond.

"Your voice is raised to a pitch that seriously interferes with the nerves of your sick sister."

Eudora Laplace colored and shrank away with burning cheeks.

Of all living beings she cared most for the opinion of Dr. Launcelot Lindsley.

Had she dreamed for a second that he was listening to her, she would have moderated her accents to quite a different key.

He advanced quietly into the room, taking out his pocket-book as he did so.

"Will you allow me to settle the amount in which Miss Perrian is indebted to you?" asked he. "Her father is a particular friend of mine, and——"

"Oh, doctor, it's not of the least consequence," said Eudora, in sugared tones.

"Then why didn't you say so to Miss Perrian?" brusquely demanded the physician.

"It's all right, I'm sure, Miss Perrian, if that's your name," said Eudora.

And May withdrew with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, murmuring a word or two of thanks to the doctor as she went.

* * * * *

"Not married to Dr. Lindsley!" cried out Eudora Laplace, just three months afterwards. "What, that milliner's girl?"

"But she's not a milliner's girl at all," maliciously retorted Stephania, her sister. "She's the daughter of a decayed gentleman, and I'm told very highly educated. And I tell you what, Eudora, you lost your chance the day you scolded her so about the hat, and he overheard you. It's your own temper that has done it, my dear."

It was too true.

"Pity," as we all know, "is akin to love."

And when Dr. Lindsley so sincerely pitied the pretty young victim of Miss Laplace's anger, the first spark of a tender feeling flamed up in his heart; and May is the happiest of young brides.

CINDERS IN THE EYE.—A very simple and effective cure for cinders in the eye is within reach of every one, and would prevent much suffering and expense where it is generally known. It is simply one or two grains of flaxseed. These may be placed in the eye without injury or pain to that delicate organ, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping any foreign substance that may be in it. The irritation of cutting the membrane is thus prevented, and the annoyance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these stowed away in the vest pocket may prove in an emergency worth their number in gold.

IF the same kind and delicate consideration were habitually bestowed on the inmates of our homes that we accord to strangers, harmony and peace would abide with us, and the home would be a paradise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 19, 1884.

$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or,—

$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at $1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than $2.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than $2.00 each.

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at $1.00 each.

Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lock Box 1538, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 720 Sansom Street.

VOLUME SIXTY-FOUR.

With the present number of THE POST we begin our sixty-fourth volume. There is no paper of its class in America that can lay claim to so long a life, and very few of any kind that have had a longer period of existence in this country.

Since 1821 to the present is vastly more than the average age of man, yet we are glad to see and say that there still remain upon our books the names of a number of those who read the first number of THE POST, sixty-four years ago, and who read it to-day with the same pleasure. And though of these the number must necessarily be comparatively few, in the children and grand-children of many former friends who have gone over to the majority, the old ties are retained as strong as ever.

A family journal has but one road to follow—that dictated by a purpose to provide the best reading possible for the heart and mind. That THE POST has always tried to move in this groove, the past amply testifies. That it has retained through the mutations of nearly three score and ten years some of its first readers, proves how well it has followed the purposes with which it set out—the entertainment and instruction of its patrons.

And it is an additional satisfaction to note that while thousands of old friends have drifted away from us—for when the fields are ripe the wheat must be garnered—we have made as many new ones, who, if not as old, have at least been as close and fervent.

Therefore, in entering upon our new volume, we only point to what we have done, and have been, as our guides for the future. Whatever it is in our power to do to make THE POST and its readers wiser and happier, that we will always endeavor to accomplish.

PAY your honest debts.

THE QUESTION OF TASTE.

There are few terms of reproachful censure more generally played shuttlecock with in the world than the ever-ready stigma of a bad taste.

One portion of society casts it from the battledoor of its own perfectibility upon another, which, in its turn, as freely delivers it back, of course, repudiating themselves all approximation to so unenviable a distinction.

There are as many varieties of bad taste in life as there are degrees of human conduct, each shape of it clinging to its possessor as tenaciously as his familiar habits, and going hand-in-hand with his outward bearing.

We hold good and bad taste to be mere synonyms for good and bad behavior; the first, the legitimate appertaining of an educated mind, and a gentlemanly deportment, as natural to the soil of cultivation as innate rectitude of conduct to the gentleman; and the other, as firmly wedded to the coarse perceptions and vulgar tone of the ill-bred and illiterate.

According to the modern acceptation of the words, there is a taste in everything a man says, performs, or even dresses in; in fact, it is but another term for the "mind" an individual evinces in the general and particular circumstances of every-day life. And as it is by the performance of trivial items that the disposition of the heart is readiest seen, the taste a man or woman evinces in their outward commerce with the world may be taken as a very tolerable index of the mental harmony within; for it is as impossible for a refined intellect to express itself coarsely as for a vulgar-minded man to estimate the delicacy of a refined sentiment.

Bad taste is a phrase generally used, but by no means generally understood, for every class and section of society put their own construction upon its signification; and what is bad taste in one order of people is the summit of becoming beauty in another.

Let us, however, treat with sparing hand and cleanly conscience the, to us, defective taste of those whose feelings we do not share, and of whose sentiments we are ignorant, and weigh the taste, good or bad of others with the truest balance of impartiality, rather than remorselessly sweep down peculiarities we do not understand, with our censure.

Mankind in general judge as vaguely of every class but their own as of those illimitable tracts that lie beyond the belt of our African knowledge.

The ebon lips of a Hottentot Juliet are as redolent of kissing loveliness to her sable Romeo as the most Hebe mouth of paler beauty to the impassioned youth of northern regions.

We cannot, then, be too chary of our condemnation of the tastes of others, not knowing how offensive our own habits may appear to the very persons we so quickly condemn.

Whatever difficulties there may be in defining limits, and giving definition to a bad taste, there can be no question of cavil as to what constitutes its more graceful antagonist, for good taste can have but one interpretation; it requires no language to express it, for it is of that universal hieroglyph, that the most barbarous and the most polished of all nations and times can read as legibly as the aspects of the heavens—a gentle deportment and an innate delicacy of soul.

Possessed of these, good taste can never err, for they are the help and compass of all social commerce; the one conducting, while the other directs, the human mind in the channels of life and past the rocks of vulgar habit and the shoals of a really bad taste.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ALL the foreign physicians in Paris have been summoned to appear before the Prefect of Police to display their permits to practice. The number of unauthorized men from foreign countries now practicing their profession in Paris has caused the promulgation of this decree.

—

IN Morocco, when a thief is caught in the most trivial offense, they politely request him to hold up both hands. Then they ask him what hand he would prefer to have in his possession, and, when he has made his choice, they cut off the other. When a thief has lost both hands, and also his feet, he loses his head and stops stealing.

—

THE extraordinary fact has been developed that an Anglomania school has been opened in Chicago, in a quiet way, which is attended by a limited number of weak-minded young men. The presiding genius is declared to be none other than an English hostler, who came over with some New Yorkers, and he has taken quarters and professes to be able to coach his pupils in the Cockney slang and English club etiquette.

—

FROM investigations of the quality of sea air which have been made from time to time, scientists now believe that none of the germs of an epidemic can cross the ocean with the wind, but that all low forms of life which are thus carried out to sea must soon reach the water and die. This being the case, the cholera can only cross the ocean from Europe by steamships or sailing vessels, and if quarantine regulations are enforced the danger is remote."

—

FOREIGN oculists assert that of the 320,000 blind now dwelling in Europe 30 to 40 per cent. might have been spared their misfortune by timely treatment. The blindness, in many instances, has been caused by that variety of ophthalmia which is common in very young children. This is said to depend upon a certain germ, and those who hold this view recommend curing the disease by killing the germ with antiseptic remedies. At all events, the disease is not a difficult one to treat, and the importance of early treatment is shown in the dangerous results which follow from neglect.

—

"PHOTOGRAPHIC art," remarked a photographer the other day, "has reached such perfection that the camera has caught the poetry of motion, and we can make a picture of the fleetest trotter, just as he looks when spinning on the road, and photograph the owner before he can say Jack Robinson. And this isn't all. It's a matter of only a few months at furthest when horse races, boat races and similar events, can be instantaneously recorded, and the negatives transferred by certain chemical agencies upon metal plates which can be used for printing in illustrated papers. The whole work can be done in less than two hours, and at a very low cost."

—

A new style of equipage is to be introduced at Newport and Lenox this year, called by the French a *char-a-bane*, or a bench-cart. It is intended to accommodate a large party, and is better adapted for country drives than for regular avenue parade. Its distinguishing novelty is the three horses abreast which drag it, and a Russian innovation of a large hoop fastened over the back of the middle horse, to which small bells are attached, has been introduced with those that have been imported to this country. The effect will be novel and picturesque, no doubt; but in a country neighborhood the tinkling bells might call up memories of the rag and bottle man, or the summer ice-cream cart.

—

Now comes M. Pasteur with the hot weather, and denies that he has discovered any cure for hydrophobia. He says, through a letter to a citizen of New York, that he has "simply announced that the virus of hydrophobia can be obtained in various degrees of virulence, and, furthermore, that dogs can be made proof against the disease by inoculating them with the virus carefully selected and obtained by a certain process." He concludes: "It is well understood that for the present, at least, the idea of protecting men against hydrophobia by inoculation is entirely out of the question." So that report, as frequently happens, has been altogether "too previous" in this matter, and, after all, it is only the possibility of inoculating dogs for hydrophobia that has been ascertained.

—

A PAPER of San Francisco hits off one phase of modern journalism in this way: "If a barn should blow down," it says, "there will be a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the ruins; interview with the hired man, who said he always knowed it was going to blow down; interview with the owner, with his and other theories on barns blowing down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished savant, with his views as to the reason why barns blow down rather than up; comparative statement of barn mortality in this and other States for the last forty years, showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the illiterate vote; history of loss from the earliest times to the present; statement of loss—$500."

—

THE latest sport in Paris among the young dandies of the day is to offer a supper in some of the swell restaurants, where the room and the lights are given by the host for a costly sum, while the guests are only allowed the food which they bring, and which they must steal on their way to the rendezvous. A correspondent says: "The young fellow who had invited me to see the fun, stole some three pounds of cherries as his share of the programme, while a mutual friend joined us with a hambone under his arm, wrapped up in his handkerchief. Not being considered intelligent enough, I was allowed to come in, as an unproductive outsider, with the precise stipulation that mum was the word. The table showed a most thorough aptitude on the part of young France to the power and possibility of helping itself. The fashion was set some years ago by the Duke de Morny. It is to be presumed that any flagrant act of appropriation to the needs of the moment would in the end be paid for; but for the time being the viands, wines and flowers have all the flavor of stolen sweets."

—

ART is not confined to big and expensive paintings, marble mantelpieces, or old silver plate. A man with a very limited salary may enjoy the pleasures—within his means—of having as artistic a home as the recipient of an income of thousands. A few scattered glasses of flowers here and there, a few pretty pictures, a few good books, and the essentials of a nice room are named at once. For a few cents a week a wife can buy blossom and bud enough to make her house look bright and blooming from January to December. Even with the poorest families this is a sum which may well be spent upon the daily beautification of the house. Pictures, too, are almost as cheap as wall-paper. Terra-cotta vases can be bought for ornaments, and a little cress or mustard seed dusted on them with a brush, and the careful housewife has at once a set of living green ornaments, as beautiful as they are unique. Even the top of a common carrot will throw out broad, green, feathery fronds if supplied with a little water on which to thrive. In fact, wherever the art-lover looks, there he will find that, for the most infinitesimal outlay, he may secure "a thing of beauty," which may be "a joy forever."

—

ANY one may learn to both play and sing who chooses to study. An ear for music is a natural aptness like the eye for color and form which makes it easy for a natural artist to paint. But no one says, "because I have no such gift for copying what I see without effort, I will neither learn drawing or writing"—which is really a very difficult kind of drawing. Instead, he studies line and shape by hairsbreadths, trying for days to imitate a single stroke, and counts the time well-spent for the skill it gives him. This is what you and all who, as they say, have no ear for music, must do to sing. You will have to listen to single sounds repeated till you can distinguish their difference from each other, their order and agreement, then you must imitate them. The first work is the hardest, and every step taken is greater than the next one. When one "without an ear for music" can tell two sounds apart, and make them, he has learned the most difficult of lessons in his art. But to learn you will need a faithful, patient teacher. If you ask whether it is worth the trouble to learn, we say yes unhesitatingly, for the pleasure music gives is the greatest support and cheer in life, and keeps one from low, trifling amusements. The ear and voice can be educated, developed in any one not naturally defective in organs of speech and hearing, and any one who has a liking for music can learn to give pleasure in it to himself and others.

ECHOES.

BY L. J. G.

Oftimes when Even's scarlet flag
Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,
Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It maybe when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumberous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow
Sure message beckons us away,
The Past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.

The Rival's Revenge.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE little town of Hope had been in a state of most unusual excitement all day.

The Good Will Bank had been robbed, and the chief clerk had been captured in the office, with the safe and private desk of the manager both opened with stolen keys.

The good people of Hope were all the more indignant over the daring robbery, because Bernard Hilton, the clerk, had received much kindness from the hands of Mr. Mervin, the manager.

Coming to Hope a poor boy, orphaned and friendless, Mr. Mervin had given him employment, and finding him a boy of good intellect, had allowed him unusual advantages of education.

As he developed mentally, he was promoted, till at twenty-five he occupied the position of head clerk and trusted friend as well.

And from that position he was suddenly hurled to find himself a prisoner in one of the bank rooms, waiting for the officers to come to take him thence for detention and trial.

As he paced the floor up and down, driven to action by the tumult of his own heart, his temporary keeper, the bank porter, looking intently at him, said suddenly—

"Mr. Hilton, it's hard to believe you would do the like of that."

The young man stopped in his quick pacing, saying abruptly—

"Do you believe it, Jerry? You have known me since I was a boy; do you believe I am a thief and would rob the best friend I ever had?"

The man pondered, looking into the large, brown eyes fixed upon his in eager questioning.

Then he cried, heartily, extending his hand—

"No, I don't! It's a muddle, but you're no thief."

"I am no thief," was the reply; "but I must bear the punishment of one."

"You'll be cleared when you are tried."

"No. My word against that of Julius Mervin would be of no value. I am a friendless man, he is the son of the leading man in Hope, older by ten years than I am—a man of established position. He has schemed to ruin me, and has succeeded."

"You say he gave you the keys? He swears you stole them from him to overhaul his private books."

"He told me some of the year's accounts were in the safe, some in his father's desk, and I was to get them all ready last night to investigate some errors in the books," replied the young man.

"Mr. Hilton, I'm an old man, and you've been good to me and mine, many's the time. Swear to me you didn't steal the notes they say are gone, and I'll open the door and let you go."

"I swear it! My hand is as honest as your own."

"Suppose, then, just to save me," said Terry, rapidly loosening a cord that bound Bernard Hilton's arms to his side; "you tie me and gag me and take the keys. Ye can do it loose like, so that I can breathe."

Ten minutes later, Bernard Hilton, a free man again, was rapidly walking towards Barn.

Yet with his mind fully roused to the danger of his position if recaptured, he struck from the broad highway into a narrow lane, and stopped before a tiny cottage.

Only two people dwelt there, the aged pastor of Hope, Mr. Selwyn, and his grandchild, Rachel.

Bernard Hilton, leaning against the gatepost and looking up at the cottage windows, thought he was bidding a silent, life-long farewell to the only woman he had ever loved, pretty Ray Selwyn.

His whole frame shook with emotion as he bowed his head a moment, hiding his pale face convulsed with grief.

There was a sound of a softly opened door, a swift rush of feet upon the gravelled walk, and upon the bowed head fell a little trembling hand.

"Bernard," Ray Selwyn said, and Bernard looked up to see a face as pale, eyes heavy and sleepless as his own.

"How did you escape?" Ray panted, frightened to see him.

"They will tell you to-day," he said, eagerly. "I am on my way to Barn, but I could not pass the lane. I did not hope to see you, Ray, and yet your coming out to me fills me with proud hope. You do not believe me a robber, Ray?"

The girl lifted her head proudly.

She was a little creature, fair as a lily, and grief-stricken.

Her face flushed, and her voice was clear as she said—

"I believe it, Bernard? You must know me better than to think I doubt you."

"Heaven bless you, Ray. I can go bravely now."

"Where?" she asked, pale and trembling again.

"I must ship as a sailor at Barn. I have no money, or I would go on the 'Ariadne.' She sails for the Cape of Good Hope this morning."

"Wait."

She was gone, returning in a moment with her hands clasping a small casket.

"Heaven smiles upon us, Bernard," she said. "Only yesterday Uncle Ralph sent me fifty pounds for a birthday gift, and you must take this."

She opened the casket as she spoke, and took out an old-fashioned locket set with diamonds.

"It is mine," she said, hurriedly; "a legacy from my mother's mother, and the diamonds are very pure and valuable."

"And what I know well, that is your sole fortune, and highly prized," said Bernard. "I cannot take your money or your locket, Ray."

"You must. Think if you are taken, what I shall suffer, Bernard. Pity me, if not yourself."

"I cannot rob you."

"You will rob me far more if you refuse me. See, it is late. The ship will go. Oh, Bernard, if you love me, take these and go."

A moment longer he hesitated.

Then, catching Ray in his arms, he pressed his lips to hers, seized the locket and roll of notes, and turning from her, strode rapidly back to the highway again.

And Ray, white as death, staggered back to her room, and sank trembling upon her knees, to pray for the safety of her lover.

The morning was still young and the good pastor was lingering over a late breakfast, when Julius Mervin, with furious eyes and rigid face burst into the room.

Without other word of greeting, he cried—

"Ray, have you seen that villain, Bernard Hilton, this morning?"

"Gently, gently, Julius," said the old man. "You seem excited."

"Excited! I should think so. The thief, the ungrateful hound, who has robbed my father of six thousand pounds, has escaped! We found his keeper bound and gagged, and the robber gone. He has been here. I am sure of it."

Still Ray was silent, her face pale, but her eyes full of steady, brave light.

"Ray, my child," her grandfather said, "tell your cousin he is mistaken."

"I should speak falsely," was the reply. "I gave Bernard my God speed this morning."

"I knew it!" Julius cried, fiercely. "He has made off with his plunder."

"I think, Julius," Ray said, quietly, "that the less you say about the stolen notes, the better. They are all useless, as uncle told me he had the numbers and they could easily be traced. So the loss to the bank is nothing, and the little plan to ruin Bernard Hilton may yet fail."

"What do you mean—how dare you?" cried Julius.

"I mean, that when you promised me six months ago to be revenged upon Bernard Hilton because I loved him and refused to be your wife, you meant what you said. You have schemed to ruin him, to supplant him. You have branded him as a thief—driven him from home. I remain here, loving him, and resolved to try what woman's wit will do towards proving him innocent. We understand each other, I think, Julius."

As she spoke, Ray Selwyn rose from her seat and left the room, her grandfather and cousin looking after her with as much amazement as if they had seen a lamb biting a tiger.

Surely it would be but little more unnatural than this display of spirited resolution in gentle, shy Ray Selwyn.

Mr. Selwyn rose, too, and his face was sterner, his voice colder, than ever Julius had known them, as he said—

"There seems some strange complication here, Julius."

"I see none, sir," was the quick answer; "my cousin is naturally angry that her promised husband has proved himself a scoundrel. And in her anger, she is unjust. But I must bid you good morning. We may yet capture the runaway."

This was the fear pressing heavily upon Ray's heart as she moved about the little cottage, busy with her duties.

She had made a frank confession to her grandfather of her own share in the morning's escape, and while regretting the deprivations the loss of her uncle's gift entailed upon her, he spoke no word of chiding.

Five long years, speeding by for some, dragging wearily for others, found Hope but little changed, though there were great changes amongst the people.

Mr. Selwyn at an advanced age had yielded to the call of nature, and passed peacefully to his long rest, and Ray was with her uncle Ralph, a most reluctant dependant upon his bounty.

She sewed for her pocket money and clothing, greatly against her uncle's wish.

But there was no opportunity for her to obtain other employment at Hope, and she could not resolve to leave the place.

Here Bernard Hilton had left her.

Here he would seek her if he ever returned to his native land.

Here his innocence must be proved.

This last was the hope that made her patiently endure her life in her uncle's home, and submit passively to Julius Mervin's hated presence and attentions.

Winter was reigning with unusual severity, when one morning, Ray, seated in her own room, sewing, heard a trampling of feet in the hall, a confused mingling of many voices, and at last, above all, the voice of her uncle, calling—

"Rachel, Rachel."

She hurried down stairs to see a litter laid on the floor, and upon that the dead body of her cousin Julius.

Her uncle—his voice full of agony, suppressing his grief by an iron will—turned to her as she came trembling across the hall.

"His horse slipped upon the ice, Ray," he said, in a moaning cry. "Can we take him to his room?"

Silently she led the way, while her uncle, leaning heavily upon her, continued—

"We have had him at the bank, with two doctors. There can be nothing done. He is dead. Oh, my son, my son."

It was a sorrow no human power could comfort, and Ray, moving mechanically to perform necessary duties, could only offer mute sympathy, her own heart cold with horror and despair.

She had not loved her cousin, but all womanly feeling grieved over his sudden, awful call into eternity.

She was darkening the windows, pulling down the heavy curtains, stopping sometimes to caress the white head bent in sorrow by the bedside, when the undertaker came in, and whispered to her to take her uncle to another room.

"And if you could let me take out a chair or two, and the table," he said, respectfully. "We would like a little more room."

"You can take the table and whatever else you wish moved to my uncle's room next to this," she said, opening the door as she spoke. "Uncle, you will come in your room with me, will you not?"

The old man rose heavily, and followed her.

Just as they reached the larger room, the man carrying the little table let it slip, and a writing-desk upon it came crashing to the floor, breaking at every joint.

The man, hastily apologising, replaced the pieces upon the table, and hurriedly went to his task in the chamber of death.

But Ralph Mervin approached the table.

"We must take care of the papers," he said.

Then he gave a cry of horror and despair that brought Ray quickly to his side.

Her own lips blanched as the aged, shaking hand pointed to a roll of bank notes sticking partly out of a false bottom to the desk.

"The stolen notes," the old man cried. "I know them well. My son was the thief. Oh, Heaven have mercy."

Even in her joy at this revelation, Ray's heart ached for the stricken father, who had sunk upon his knees beside the table, quivering in an agony of grief and horror.

She could comfort him even then as no one else could, knowing his poor heart found solace in her presence.

The days of mourning were doubly sad to the bereaved father in the dreadful certainty of his son's foul treachery.

But he caused a paragraph to be inserted in the papers, calling upon Bernard Hilton to return, as his innocence of the crime of which he had been accused was proven, but not mentioning the silent witness of another's guilt.

June had come, when one morning, Ray, coming to her uncle's side, her sweet face wearing a smile long a stranger there, said, softly—

"It is my birthday, Uncle Ralph, and I have a gift to show you."

She opened her hand to show, lying upon the palm, an old-fashioned locket studded with diamonds.

In the months of mourning, Ralph Mervin had been told the history of the locket, so he cried, quickly—

"Bernard has come home again. Where is he?"

And in answer to the call, Bernard Hilton came to his side to meet his outstretched hands, and know that his welcome to his home, his old friend, and to Ray, was a glad welcome for life.

There was a very quiet wedding, and the declining years of Ralph Mervin are gladdened and comforted by the love of Ray, his niece, and Bernard, his adopted son.

THE JURY.—It is said the custom of having twelve men on a jury, established by King Alfred in England, was borrowed by him from an old Brehon law in Ireland which referred all disputes about land to the decision of twelve men.

JONES says the landlady at his boarding house acts real coldly toward him, and he doesn't know of anything he has done except to ask her for "another dose of pie."

Walter's Double.

BY J. CLEGG.

IDYL MONTGOMERY, after extinguishing the light in her boudoir, stepped to the window and looked out upon the night.

It was a frosty night in February.

The ground was covered with a thin coating of very light snow, which the moonbeams, mingling with the glare of the street lamps, made very beautiful.

The hour was late, and Idyl would not have tarried a moment at the window had not a human figure across the street attracted her attention.

Directly opposite her home lived her wealthy uncle, David Stagle.

He was a bachelor, but lived grandly, with many servants, in the elegant mansion erected by a small portion of his great wealth.

Idyl loved him above all her uncles, for he was so kind to her.

The old gentleman had few visitors, and the most of these were business men.

He was a sober, methodical person, who when night came, put the cares of day away, and amused himself in his library until ten o'clock.

That hour had slipped by when Idyl Montgomery looked across the street and saw a figure emerge from her uncle's house.

At first sight there seemed nothing remarkable in this.

It was the face and form of the man that caused her to start, for as he passed under the lamp before the mansion, she saw and noted both.

"What could he be doing there at this hour?" fell from Idyl's lips.

Not daring to answer herself, she watched the man till he disappeared down the street.

Then she crept, uneasy of mind, into bed, and thought of her uncle's late visitor, till sleep shut her eyes and bore her to dreamland.

In the person who had emerged from the bachelor's home, Idyl Montgomery had recognized her accepted lover, Walter Clarke.

He was a member of the bank of which her uncle was manager, and bore an enviable reputation both public and private.

But the young girl had lately learned that the relations between them were not very amicable; in fact, the former had told her that he expected a disagreement with the head of the firm.

Therefore, the girl might wonder at his late visit to her uncle, and turn uneasily on her couch while thinking of it.

It was quite early the following morning when Idyl was roused by a vigorous thumping on her chamber door.

Blushing at the thought that she had for once overslept herself, she rose, and opening the portal, greeted the white face of her father.

"Daughter, something terrible happened last night," he said, in a tone which increased Idyl's fright. "In the house across the way lies your uncle David, murdered in cold blood."

For a moment the girl stared at the speaker as if robbed of the power of speech; but all at once she reeled from him, and sank to the floor, in a fainting fit.

Restoratives were at once applied, and she returned slowly to consciousness on her couch.

Then the events of the night returned to her with such distinctness that she closed her eyes as if to shut it out, but it would not be driven away.

After awhile she listened to the particulars of the finding of her murdered uncle in his library at daybreak, with his cold face resting on the desk, and a poignard wound in the back.

The murderer had left no traces of identity behind.

The servants had retired early, as was their wont; but there were several who had heard the opening and closing of the library door shortly after ten o'clock.

This unsatisfactory evidence paled Idyl Montgomery's cheeks, and she thought of the man whom she had seen emerge from the house so late on the tragic night.

What! had her lover entered the mansion and slain the honored manager of the bank?

Did he take the poignard to secure to himself the position, which, to his credit be it said, he filled with honor?

The thought tortured Idyl's brain as no thought had ever tortured it before, and all through the dreary February day she expected to hear of his arrest.

But the night came without the expected news, and the young girl was standing alone in the parlor, when a well-known rap on the door caused her to start with an expression of pain on her face.

Walter Clarke was on the steps.

Idyl opened the door to him, and fastened her eyes upon him when he stood in the glare of the parlor lamp.

"This is terrible, Idyl," were his first words. "The bank has lost its best manager, and you one of the kindest friends."

She never took her eyes from him while he spoke and there was accusation in her look.

"It is dreadful," she answered him, slowly. "When did you hear of it?"

"At an early hour this morning. I was at breakfast, and upon receipt of the intelligence hastened to the scene of the tragedy. He, your uncle, was quite dead; the surgeons say that the dagger struck his heart. But why am I telling you this, Idyl? You

have heard it before, and my repetition will affright you anew. We, as you know, were not on very good terms, but I bore him no ill-will, and I feel that I have lost a benefactor, for your uncle, Idyl, made me all that I am."

A cold smile wreathed her lips.

He shot her a look of perplexity, which she met with a question that made him start.

"What were you doing in my uncle's house last night?"

It might have been her manner that paled his cheek, for all the color suddenly left it, and he gazed at her for several minutes before he made a reply.

"Last night?" he repeated. "I in your uncle's house last night? Why, Idyl, you must have been dreaming."

"Oh, no, my eyes were wide open," she said, with determination.

"I do not dream that I see men emerge from houses in the late hours of the night. Last night when I stood at my window, and saw you leave uncle's house, I was not dreaming.

"No! Walter Clarke; I know that I saw you. Tell me, was he dead when you left him in his library?

"Answer me, in the presence of your God and the woman who has promised to become your wife."

Her voice was stern, yet full of bitterness; it was evident that the terrible accusation was rending her heart—that all the happiness of her life was going out with her words.

"Idyl, are you mad?" he cried, grasping her arm.

"Upon the soul God has given me, I declare that I did not enter or leave your uncle's house last night."

A deathly stillness followed his last words.

Idyl faced him with eyes fastened on his, as though she would look through them and read the secrets of his very heart.

"You have been dreaming, girl," he continued, drawing nearer her, "and oh! what a horrible dream it has been.

"Come Idyl, say that you did not see me in the flesh last night stand on your dead uncle's steps."

"I cannot, I cannot," she cried, slipping from him, and staggering to a sofa, upon which she dropped with a groan of intensest agony.

"Leave me, Walter" she continued, with averted face, but with hand waving him back.

"For the love of Heaven and the adoration of Idyl Montgomery, go!

"Oh! would to Heaven that I had not drawn the curtains last night; for since then I have looked into a world of misery; my life has been blighted, and my eyes have cursed its future existence. Go, go; leave me alone!"

And she waved him away.

He stood in the centre of the room with indescribable horror written on his face; he looked like a madman, and his white lips shook like aspen leaves as he sprang forward and grasped her arm.

"Idyl, Idyl! I am innocent!" he cried. "Tell me that I may have the privilege of proving myself so."

"You shall; only go—leave me!" she cried.

"I will keep the terrible secret."

Then she buried her face in the rich upholstering of the sofa, and with a look full of pity and heart overflowing with agony, he turned on his heel and left the room.

The closing of the door roused her.

"Gone!" she cried, seeing him not in the room.

"Walter Clarke was it for this moment that I was born?

"You can deceive, and I must keep the secret.

"My eyes were not closed—I was not dreaming when I saw you stand last night on uncle's doorstep in the full glare of the gas.

"How you left him is known but to you and your God; but I must believe that you know more about poor uncle David's terrible taking off than you will tell.

"Prove yourself innocent, and drive this agony from the breast of the woman who loves you with her whole soul."

She walked across the room with the last sentence lulling from her lips, and parted the curtains half mechanical.

The street lamps were burning brilliantly, and the air was full of snowflakes that came airily down, and filled the footprints of pedestrians.

Her uncle's house stood out in bold relief, silent now, for the master lay dead in the great library, and the stillness of the grave seemed to enshroud its walls.

"Poor Uncle David!" sighed Idyl. "One knows not when the grim monster is to come nor what shape he——"

She paused abruptly, for the front door opened suddenly, and a man stepped out and halted on the steps.

He was tall and well built, and his body was enveloped in a heavy overcoat, and he wore a rimless but costly fur cap on his head.

His face—ah! it was the face that drove Idyl from the window with a cry of horror, and made her drop the lace curtains in her fright.

Once before she had seen that man emerge from the house, and he had stood revealed to her as her lover—Walter Clarke.

She could not be mistaken, for he appeared in the cap and coat which had lately vanished with him from the parlor.

All this had transpired in a minute or time, and the young girl returned to the window to see the man re-enter the house and close the door after him.

"God give me strength to face him and discover the truth," she said. "In the presence of dead Uncle David, I will meet him and settle the question forever."

She threw a shawl over her head, and took a tiny silver-mounted pistol from the marble-topped mantel.

It was a present from him, and she hid it beneath the shawl while she crossed the whitened street.

The body of the murdered man lay in the library, which could be reached from the front door without disturbing any other part of the house.

The servants, with several exceptions, had retired, and the few who remained were keeping vigil in the dimly-lighted rooms.

Idyl entered at the front door on tip-toe, and saw a gleam of light in the library by means of its door, which stood slightly ajar.

She halted in the hall to summon all her courage to the task before her, then opened the portals of the library and slowly crossed the threshold.

The gas over the dead man's desk was burning dimly, but in its light Idyl descried the outlines of a human figure that seemed to fill the arm-chair of the dead.

This figure grew into distinctness while the girl regarded it, and at last she recognized the overcoat and the cap.

The man seemed to be hunting for some valuable papers, for his hands were hidden in a drawer at his side; but they were quickly withdrawn when Idyl's voice fell upon his ears.

"Walter Clarke, I've caught you!" she said.

The man turned quickly—wheeling in the chair—and showed Idyl a face which was the counterpart of her lover's.

The sight caused her to shrink back, but she did not lose her self-possession.

"Well?" said the man. "What do you want with me?"

And with the last word he was rising to his feet.

"Sit down," the girl commanded, and the pistol flashed from beneath the shawl. "The officers of the law want you."

Cowed by the weapon, and the look of determination that flashed in Idyl's eyes, the man sank back in the chair, and remained there till the police had him in their power.

His presence in the library among the dead man's papers proclaimed him the murderer, and the Italian poignard found on his person forged another link of the chain of guilt.

"I am the man," he said at last. "David Stagle held valuable papers against our family. I came to him to buy them, but he would not sell. On that night I came again, and found him dozing in the library. Then I struck him, and he died. Last night I came to look for the papers a second time; but that girl saw me and took me a prisoner."

When Walter Clarke and Howard Thompson stood by side, they looked like brothers, and many people could not tell the one from the other—the innocent from the guilty.

The events of the second night threw Idyl Montgomery on a bed of sickness.

The watchful care of a young man, however brought her through the crisis, and to him one day she feebly said—

"God has been very good to us, Walter. But for your double's reappearance, I might have put you away as a murderer."

He stooped, and revealed his love with a kiss.

It was her reward, and none greater did she ask.

Escaping the Snare.

BY A. T. WYNNE.

ENGAGED, really and actually engaged. It is a strange sort of feeling, and yet it is pleasant."

Barbara Esmond stood in the middle of the room, one slender hand poised by its forefinger on the table, the other holding back the jetty tresses from her pure low brow.

She was very beautiful, in a dark, glittering style of beauty, and in that elegant room she might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket.

Black-eyed and black-haired, with a creamy skin, fine grained as velvet, and straight, delicately-chiselled features, hers was an uncommon beauty, yet strangely fascinating.

Eighteen years old and engaged to be married.

It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful.

"I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly.

"I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him or not as I should love the man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little tremulous sort of shudder. "The word implies a great deal. And Harry Milbrook is to be my husband."

Barbara was like a newly-caged bird, restless, fluttering against the invisible bars of her prisoned existence; captured with her own toils, yet half disposed to break away into solitude and independence once more.

Mr. Henry Milbrook however, was troubled with no such vague ideas.

He had won the heart of Miss Esmond, the heiress, and what was of rather more consequence to him, he had won the right to share her wealth.

"I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never could endure to work like common cart-horses. Therefore it follows that I must have money, and possessing none of my own, I must marry the article.

"And although I object to red hair and crooked spines, I am quite willing to accept the incumbrance of a beautiful girl alone with said cash."

That was the decidedly practical and unromantic manner in which Mr. Milbrook contemplated his approaching felicity.

He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft poetic whisperings for Barbara's ear alone, and she, like any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, believed in him.

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart, it would have seemed almost like desecration; but her lover was by no means so delicate.

"So you're to be married, Hal?" said Mr. Joseph Piercy, at the club.

"Yes, I'm going to be married to a cool hundred thousand, too," answered Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands.

"Who is it?"

"Oh, the lady, you mean?"

"Yes, I mean the lady."

"It's old Esmond's daughter."

"What, the star-eyed Barbara?"

"Exactly so."

"I congratulate you, old fellow."

"Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently, pulling his moustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that trades on his good looks alone."

"I wish she had a sister for me," observed Mr. Piercy.

"I don't. I can't afford to go half in the cash."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club-room at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out.

"I promised she should have my portrait'" thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at that poor artist's in George street. I'll go round there."

It was hard for so exquisitely gotten up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be compelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that towards which he now bent his footsteps, but economy was just at present something of an object with this modern Apollo of ours.

Signor Fernelli, the artist, was at home, a dark, courteous little Italian, with a wife and seven small children, and very glad he was to receive Mr. Milbrook's order.

"On ivory, I suppose, so?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's dreadfully expensive," thought Harry, with a grimace: "but engaged girls must have their way, of course."

As he sat waiting for Signor Fernelli to bring out some specimens of his art, to select the most appropriate size and style, he saw through the open door a dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, clear profile of a face that he well knew.

Barbara Esmond's face.

"Hallo!" ejaculated our hero. "Fernelli, who is that young lady, and how came she here?"

"That young lady, signor, with the brown dress, and the long throat, and the head like a goddess Diana?"

"Yes."

"It is the music mistress of Pauline Delatour upstairs; she comes twice a week, and sings, on my word like a nightingale."

"Who is Pauline Delatour?"

"A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses: but one day she will come out on the stage—she will sing at the opera."

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented.

"Which else did you say, sir?"

"I—I don't think I'll make a selection today. I will call to-morrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down-stairs, greatly to the surprise of Signor Fernelli.

"The deuce!" he ejaculated to himself as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling at every step.

"A music mistress. Giving lessons in such a hole as that.

"Upon my word. I've come preciously near being taken in and done for. So it's all show and empty pretense that wealth of hers, and she was going to entrap a husband on the strength of it.

"My stars, it's enough to make the hair stand right straight up on a fellow's head. What a lucky thing it was I saw through the stratagem before I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat and wiped the chill beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No you don't, Miss Barbara Esmond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile on wreathing his lips.

"I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness."

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially opened door, and entered a small room in the story above.

A pale young girl with a sweet face, sat at her sewing by the window.

She brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually."

"Not at all kind. I am a genius worshipper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you."

"How shall I ever pay you, Miss Esmond?"

"By cultivating the talent Heaven has bestowed upon you.

"Nay, nay, Pauline, I am but following out a pet whim."

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of Heaven's angels could hardly be more generous."

"Hush, hush, Pauline, begin your lesson.

"I never thought when first I heard you singing at your work, and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through the exercise book in less that six months.

"When you sing at the opera, I shall be the first to throw bouquets at your feet."

Pauline looked with a shy brightness at her benefactor.

Would that time ever come?

The lesson was longer that usual that day.

Pauline and Miss Esmond were both deeply interested, and it was nearly twilight before Barbara emerged from the house, closely veiled, and walked swiftly through the darkening streets.

"There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she sat down to rest a few minutes in the reception-room of her own mansion before she laid off her things.

"A note? Let me see it. When did it come?"

"About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it."

"Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore, and take these wrappings upstairs."

A soft rose-tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry Milbrook's handwriting.

She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its contents; but as she read, the soft crimson flush died away into pallor.

It was very, very brief, but cruel as a blow.

"Miss Esmond," it read, commencing shortly and sternly, instead of the "Dearest Barbara" she had expected, "allow me to claim back the troth I have plighted to you. I had supposed when I engaged myself to you, that I was about to ally myself to a lady, not to a music-mistress in George street. It will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never under any circumstances, forgive the deceit that has been practised on me. Therefore, I shall take it for granted all relations are ended between yourself and

"Yours, very respectfully,
"H. Milbrook."

Barbara dropped the insulting letter with a sparkle in her black eyes, a curve to her lips, which were wondrously eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet, she ground it down into the deep purple pile with her contemptuous foot.

"The puppy," she muttered, between her set teeth; "the miserable poltroon.

"How could I ever have fancied for a single second that I loved him? Reply to this letter? Of course, I shall not reply to it."

And Miss Esmond walked upstairs, carrying her head high in the air, far beyond the reach of Harry Milbrook's petty spite.

That young man was seated at his breakfast-table next morning, when Rufus Kenward lounged in.

"Hallo, Milbrook, I've just heard a little item about your lady-love, Miss Esmond, that is to my mind, better than all her bonds and mortgages.

"What do you think? She's giving singing lessons to my wife's seamstress, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a glorious voice and can't afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true loving ear.

"Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toilsome a benefit as that."

Harry Milbrook had set down his chocolate cup, and was staring with glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat shortly.

"No—nothing."

"Dyspepsia, eh?"

"No. I tell you I'm well enough."

Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations.

"Why didn't I wait? What the mischief was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street towards Barbara's residence.

The boy might not have delivered the note—Barbara might not have read it—there were a thousand "might nots," and he resolved to try his luck, even in a forlorn hope.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked of the old housekeeper, who came to the door.

"Miss Esmond wished me to say especially, that she was never at home to Mr. Milbrook any more," was the cold reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting.

He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it.

And thus Barbara escaped the snare laid for her.

A HUNTING EMPRESS.—In Russia, 150 years ago, the grand menageries at St. Petersburg were kept solely for the Court. Many of the animals were kept alive to be used at the hunting festivities of the Imperial Court. The Empress Anna Ivanovna was passionately fond of hunting; she kept 319 hounds and was a capital shot. On one occasion (August 26, 1740) she killed 1 wolf, 4 wild boars, 9 stags, 16 turkeys, 374 rabbits, 68 ducks and several large herons.

A telegraph line has been opened between Boston and Providence introducing a new system by which seventy-two messages may be sent at once over one wire, although at a low rate of speed.

Both Suited.

BY S. LINWOOD SMITH.

MRS. DENVER, a plump, spectacled matron of some five-and-forty autumns, looked with a glance of admonishing reproof at her niece, who sat on a low divan, with drooping brown curls, velvety dark eyes humid with tears, and a cherry lip pouted rather ominously.

Josie Denver was very pretty, with the fresh, sparkling beauty of eighteen, and Josie Denver was in love, and as all the world knows, the current of true love never does run smooth.

Hence the tears, and the crimson flush on the cheeks, and the trembling of the pouted lip.

"I love him, aunt."

"Love! what nonsense! There isn't any such feeling. It's all simple respect and esteem."

But Josie knew better.

She only bit her lip, and thought of Frank Ellington's last impassioned words.

What did her aunt know of love?

"He's a poor lawyer," went on Mrs. Denver, "with not enough practice to starve on, and I can't let you enter on a life of care and drudgery with your pretty face and boarding-school education. I'm astonished at Frank Ellington's presumption, and still more astonished at you for allowing it. So now get your embroidery, and think no more about this child's play."

Josie took up her embroidery according to orders, but as for the rest of Mrs. Denver's commands, she internally resolved to take her own way about it.

She had confided to Frank Ellington her trials on the subject of her aunt's systematic opposition, and Frank had bidden her "cheer up and never mind the old Turk."

But it was easy to talk.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Denver, suddenly starting up, and dropping her inevitable darning.

Then she added:—

"Wasn't that a ring at the door-bell? As true as I live and breathe, it was, and I wouldn't a bit wonder if it was a lodger for our best front room."

A lodger it was.

A brisk old gentleman, with a shining brown wig, and blue spectacles, and a yellow silk handkerchief tied in multitudinous folds around his throat, August weather though it was, while in his two hands he held respectively a colossal silk umbrella, and an apoplectic carpet-bag.

"I see you have rooms to let, ma'am," said the old gentleman.

"Yes sir; a sitting-room and a bed-room."

"Can I look at them."

"Oh certainly, sir. Josie, here, Josie! Come and show the rooms."

Josie obeyed, unwilling enough, while the old gentleman trotted after her like an overgrown spaniel.

"I hope your rooms front to the south," said the old gentleman. "I couldn't think of any other aspect, on account of my rheumatism."

"Due south, sir," said Mrs. Denver. "A bed-room and a sitting-room."

"Yes, yes," commented the lodger-elect, "and very nice rooms they seem to be. I hope you don't keep a cat, ma'am—I've an antipathy to cats."

"No, sir."

"No public school in the neighborhood, with bawling children? Nor engine-house?"

"No sir."

"What's your price."

"A guinea a week sir, including gas and fire."

"I'll take the rooms, and here's a month's pay in advance," said the old gentleman, promptly. "My trunks shall be sent to-night. Is this your daughter, ma'am?"

"My niece, sir."

"A nice girl," was the approving answer. "Lots of beaux, I'll go bail."

Mrs. Denver pursed up her lips primly.

"No, sir, my niece is too sensible for any such folly."

While Josie only pouted and blushed.

The new lodger was duly installed in the sitting-room and bed-room, and Mrs. Denver rejoiced in spirit.

"It's so much better than if he were a silly sentimental young spark, putting all sorts of nonsense in that head of Josie's," she thought.

The weeks crept on, and the old gentleman read his newspaper, and puffed away at his meerschaum, and went toddling off to "business" and paid his bills with a regularity which filled Mrs. Denver's heart with delight.

"I have a lodger for you," she said, exultantly. "I just wish he'd keep the rooms for ever."

It was a bright October evening when Mr. Wiggleton sent for Mrs. Denver to come up to his room.

"Dear me," thought the fluttered housekeeper; "whatever can the matter be? It's too bad. I believe he's going to find fault with your guitar practice, Josie."

"I can't help it," said Josie, piteously; "I must get on with my guitar lessons."

Mrs. Denver obeyed the unwonted summons.

Mr. Wiggleton, who was sitting in a chair, cleaning his meerschaum with a bit of chamois leather, laid down his work, and solemnly adjusted his blue spectacles.

"Mrs. Denver," he said, "I'm thinking of being married."

"And leaving me, sir?" ejaculated the housekeeper, with falling heart.

"It won't be necessary, ma'am, to leave you."

"Oh, indeed, sir. Then you will bring your wife here?"

"My bride will be here already, ma'am. It's Miss Josie?"

"My Josie!"

"Yes, ma'am, your Josie."

Mrs. Denver's heart thrilled with pride and gratification.

"I'm sure, sir, Josie will be very much flattered."

"Would you kindly speak to her, ma'am, and, as it were break the ice for me? You see I'm rather advanced in years, and I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"Certainly, sir—oh, certainly," cried Mrs. Denver, smoothing her apron. "I shall be honored."

She went downstairs as fast as if there were no such things as neuralgic pains or stiff old bones in all the world, to where Josie sat reading in the little parlor.

"What do you think Josie?" she cried, exultantly. "Here's good luck for us. Mr. Wiggleton has fallen in love with you."

"With me, aunty?"

"Yes, and he's willing to marry you if you will be a good girl. Now isn't that good news?"

But to Mrs. Denver's amazement, Josie burst into a passion of tears, and flung her book upon the floor.

"I won't marry him. No, I won't."

"Josie?"

"I wonder you dare ask me such a thing, aunty; and poor Frank, too. Never; I'll go out as a service first."

"Child," cried the dismayed aunt, "you are raving. There—wipe your eyes quick, and smooth your hair; he's coming downstairs."

Apparently, in Mr. Wiggleton's idea of things, the process of "breaking the ice" was not a protracted one, for his step was now heard, deliberately stamping down the stairs.

"Hey, hallos! Miss Josie crying! My, what's the matter?" cried Mr. Wiggleton.

"I won't! There's no use asking me," sobbed Josie.

"She don't mean it, sir," apologized Mrs. Denver. "She'll talk quite differently presently."

"Will you leave us alone together, ma'am?" requested the ancient suitor.

"No, don't, aunty. Please don't," cried Josie.

"Certainly, sir, by all means."

And Mrs. Denver whisked out of the room.

She went downstairs and sat by the window, trying to knit, but secretly worrying in her mind about the wilful lassie upstairs.

Surely she would never be so crazy as to refuse Mr. Wiggleton.

Yet girls were so unaccountable sometimes.

She wished now that she had insisted upon it, threatened to turn her out of doors, or else been imperative.

"But, oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Denver, "wisdom always comes too late."

Presently the door opened.

"Mrs. Denver!" called out the voice of Mr. Wiggleton, a jocund, complacent voice, like anything in the world but the accents of a discarded lover.

Mrs. Denver hastened upstairs with throbbing heart, and eager, questioning eyes.

Josie sat smiling and blushing on the sofa, with one or two tear-drops sparkling on her eyelashes, while Mr. Wiggleton, with brown wig somewhat dishevelled, bent chivalrously over her.

"Is it all right?" asked Mrs. Denver, faintly, laying her hand on her heart.

"It's all right, ma'am; she has promised to be mine."

"And when?"

"Next month."

"Oh, not so soon," pleaded Josie.

"Dearest," cried Mr. Wiggleton, laughingly, "true love brooks no delay. It must be."

"Don't be foolish, my dear," said Mrs. Denver to her niece. "The sooner the better."

So Josie, overborne by the majority, was forced to yield.

"My dear," said her aunt, approvingly, "I never gave you credit for half the good sense you've shown to-day."

"Don't you, aunty?"

"But I'm delighted with you."

The wedding day arrived, and Josie, looking very lovely in a mistress white silk, shadowed by the snowy cloud of a bridal veil, was duly married to Mr. Wiggleton, in a new brown wig, and a suit of the choicest broadcloth.

Mrs. Denver who had remained behind to superintend the preparation of the wedding breakfast, was at the door to welcome her new nephew-in-law and his bride.

She led the way upstairs to the parlor.

"A—hem!" said Mr. Wiggleton. "Now that we are safely married, my dear Josie, I do not see the necessity for keeping up these absurd appearances any longer."

He calmly removed his wig, displaying profuse brown curls, and took the blue spectacles from a pair of brilliant hazel eyes.

A pair of iron grey whiskers were coolly drawn from his face, and the luxuriant folds of the white neckcloth suddenly revealed a handsome throat.

Why, instantaneously recovering from a chronic stoop and straightening himself, Mr. Wiggleton altered, as if from the touch of an enchanter's wand, to Mr. Frank Ellington.

Mrs. Denver uttered a hysteric scream.

"Frank Ellington!"

"At your service, my dear aunt."

"Are you Mr. Wiggleton?"

"I was five minutes ago."

"But you—you are not married to my Josie?"

"No the clergyman says, ma'am,"

"You are a deceiving man," cried the aunt, sinking upon a chair. "Josie how dared you?"

"You asked me to marry Mr. Wiggleton, aunt, and I married him."

"But I never dreamed of the base trick that was being played upon me."

"Oh, well, you see I couldn't help that," said Josie, demurely.

"Stop a moment," said the bridegroom, with a commanding air, that even Mrs. Denver could not resist; "let me explain matters.

"I am no longer the penniless suitor to whom you objected, madam. The day previous to my engaging your rooms, I received a bequest from an uncle, rendering myself independent for life. I had no doubt but that you would immediately withdraw your objections to my marriage with your niece, but I preferred, remembering the obstacles you had always interposed in our path, to woo and win her in my own way. I think we are quits now, Mrs. Denver; shall we be friends henceforward?"

He laughingly extended his hand.

Mrs. Denver, took it and pressed it, half pleased, half vexed.

"Quits then, Frank. And you will keep the suite of rooms?"

"I shall duly comply with all that Mr. Wiggleton promised."

So instead of one lodger, Mrs. Denver had two.

And Josie and her aunt were both suited.

OLD TRADITIONS.—Most of the traditions of Scotland have been immortalized by the pen of Sir Walter Scott who has also collected many of the German and English. The tales of Robin Hood and his merry men, the archers of Sherwood Forrest, will be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken.

It is singular that Johnson believed that he could write a ballad about Robin Hood, in the same manner as he considered the poems of Ossian had been written by Macpherson, which the people of England would believe to have been a poem familiar to them, so well known is the history of that celebrated outlaw, whose story is received not with the less pleasure because he robbed the rich and spared the poor. It is said that a Flemish knight dreamed of the death of William Rufus the night before he was killed, and advised the King not to hunt, though in vain.

The death of that monarch was looked on as a judgment, to punish the harshness with which he destroyed a great many villages to make room for the New Forest.

Some remains of the cart which carried his dead body from the fatal spot are said to be in the possession of the descendants of the person who conveyed him.

It has been said, perhaps without truth, that Charles the First was admonished in the same manner, as well as Henry the Fourth of France before his assassination.

When Charles, in company with Lord Falkland, opened a Virgil in the museum at Oxford that he might divine his fate, the verses which occurred to him were peculiarly unfortunate. The story in the Vale of White Horse Oxfordshire, that, under one of the heaps of stones there lives an invisible blacksmith, who is willing to shoe the traveler's horse; his local name was Wayland Smith.

At Grosmont, in Monmouthshire, a bridge and other works are said to have been made by a being called John of Kent. The children also have a fear of ghosts near Rogand Castle.

There is a long tale connected with an old building called Cook's Folly, near Clifton Gloucestershire.

It had been prophesied that the heir of the estate should never live to be of age. The words of the prophecy, which is a long one, began with these lines:—

> "Twenty years shall Avon tide
> In banks of glistening ice be tied,
> Twenty years shall woods of Leigh
> Wave their branches merrily."

To avoid this fate, he was shut up in this solitary building. He had almost completed the long-wished-for age, and the last evening had arrived. At night, however, from among the faggots which were conveyed into his room for his wood-fire, a snake escaped, and caused his death.

These local traditions can only be learnt near the spot where they are supposed to have happened.

A STRONG mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

Abandoned Cases.

A comparatively large number of the cases which Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard st., Philadelphia, are successfully treating with their new Vegetable remedy, are what are known as abandoned or hopeless cases—many of them a class which no physician of any school would undertake to cure. They are, in fact, such as have run the gauntlet of experiment within the regular schools of medicine, and of quackery without, until between diseases and drugs the patient is reduced to the saddest and most deplorable condition, and one for which relief seems impossible. No treatment can be subjected to a severer test than is offered by these cases. The marvel is that Drs. Starkey & Palen can effect a cure in so many instances. If you need the help of such a Treatment, write for information in regard to its nature and action, and it will be promptly sent.

Scientific and Useful.

INFECTION.—Impregnation of the atmosphere of a sick chamber when the patient is ill of diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, or of any allied disease, with the odor of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid is recommended. Half a teaspoonful of the mixture will be enought at a time, if it is put into a kettle of water kept near the boiling point. The odor generally gives some relief to the sufferer, and tends to prevent the spread of the malady.

ETCHING.—For an etching fluid for steel, mix one ounce of sulphate of copper, half ounce of alum and half a teaspoonful of salt reduced to powder, with one gill of vinegar and twenty drops of nitric acid. This liquid may be used for either eating deeply into the metal, or for imparting a beautiful frosted appearance to the surface, according to the time it is allowed to act. Cover the parts it is necessary to protect from its influence with beeswax, tallow or some similar substance.

WOOD IN SURGERY.—Wood is being employed scientifically in surgery in a different form from ordinary splints. A foreigner has introduced wood wool as a cheap and useful dressing for wounds, and it is being prepared extensively as a commercial staple for surgical dressings. It is finely-ground wood, extensively used in the manufacture of paper. It is a clean-looking, delicate-fibred, soft yellowish-white substance, having an odor of fresh wood, and absorbs an immense quantity of liquid.

BURNS.—A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who had been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When the last covering dries hard repeat the oil-and-flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

Farm and Garden.

LUMBER FOR [illegible].—One of the [illegible] keep in stock of boards, pickets and posts sawed at the second ready for use. Many farmers [illegible] of a little forethought are obliged to buy at high prices the lumber which they need to use, and which might just as well be cut from their own timber lot.

SOFT SOAP.—A Michigan paper is responsible for the following statement: "A [illegible] made an experiment with soft soap on the codlin moth. The soap was diluted with water and gave an unusually strong odor of carbolic acid. It was then sprayed thoroughly through the tree once a week by means of a fountain pump. The tree thus treated bore a heavy crop of fruit with not one wormy apple. A tree twenty feet away, which had not been treated, bore less fruit, and three-fourths of it was wormy."

DYNAMITE.—A London journal states that a new method of tree felling by dynamite has been successfully introduced. A cartridge of the explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded the tree is said to spring up bodily and fall intact on the earth. If this system works as it is represented to do, and the tree is not fractured or thrown out of the position, a large portion of the valuable wood at the root of the trunk can be utilized which is now lost.

VALUE OF LIME.—From its power to decompose it has been found useful on poor grass lands. From its caustic nature it corrodes vegetable matter, such as weeds of all kinds. Lime breaks up and pulverizes stiff clays, improving their texture. It decomposes inert vegetable matter, peat, roots, etc. It hastens the decay of stable manure and dead carcasses, putrescent matter, etc., but in all such cases if the manurial qualities are to be made useful they must be covered with earth during the action of the lime to absorb the ammonia.

RED SPIDER.—The *Journal of Horticulture* gives the following recipe for red spider, remarking that it has been sent "by an experienced gardener who has proved the value of the preparation: 'Two pounds yellow soap, two pounds flour of sulphur, boil it twenty minutes in ten quarts of water, keep it well stirred when boiling, let it stand till cold, then bottle and cork down; put one wine-glass to an ordinary size pail of water. The best time is to syringe in the evening, and in a day or two the plants, &c, may be syringed with clean water. One dressing is generally sufficient, but should be repeated if required.'"

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to Depot, free. 600 Elegant rooms at Hotel rooms $1, and upwards per day. Rest meal the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

BY A. T. WYNNE.

THE great cathedral clock of Strasbourg has just boomed out the hour of twelve, the hour when school is over and the boys burst forth with the peculiar noise common to liberated schoolboys all the world over.

But why do all those eager little faces crowd round that bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy?

"What am I to do?"

"Where am I to stand?" are the eager questions which assail him on all sides.

When he at last makes himself heard he marshals them and gives them their orders with the omeiseness of an experienced general, and also delivers an enthusiastic address on the propriety of beating the Germans over the bridge; and then he marches at their head down the old narrow street.

For this is a patriotic little band of French boys who had agreed last night to fight the Germans on the bridge, arranging that whoever drove the opposite party over the bridge first should be accounted the victors.

The French boys had chosen Conrad, the fair-haired little boy who had marshalled his men in such good order, as their captain; and the Germans had chosen Hans, a tall, dark, fierce-looking boy, who detested the French as much as Conrad did the Germans, as theirs; and Conrad had good reason not to like the Germans, as his father and brother had been killed and his little sister died during the terrible siege which their city had just suffered.

But the captains' animosity does not extend to each other personally; they themselves are friends.

Many a head is turned as they pass down the quaint old streets, and many smile kindly on the little army and on its gallant little captain with his erect, sturdy figure, brave, bright eyes, and curly golden hair.

Little Pierre trots behind in the capacity of drummer-boy, waving the drumstick triumphantly at his small plump mother, who is watching them from her window, and who has reluctantly consented to allow her eldest born to even look at the fight.

The bridge is soon reached. Hans is already there, and the two excited little armies stand in order, opposite each other in the bright golden sunlight.

Before they begin, however, Conrad goes to Hans with outstretched hand.

"I say, Hans," he says, "just let's shake hands first of all, to show that it's all right between us, and that it's not against each other, only for our country, we are fighting."

Hans' face softens for one moment, then pushing away the proffered hand he says scornfully—

"Get along. you're afraid of being hurt, you cowardly Alsatian!"

Conrad's face crimsons, and he bursts out—

"We'll show whether we're afraid or not!" and, crossing back to the Strasbourg side of the bridge, the order to charge is instantaneously give to both armies.

And now the fight begins. The two armies fly at one another; Louis (Conrad's cousin) has Hans in close grip, and Conrad is cheering, directing, and fighting with all his might.

In spite of French force and French will, the Germans are, step by step, gaining the bridge.

On the Germans come, steady, persevering, sure, and the French, impetuous, fiery, and valiant, are well-nigh beaten.

A moment's pause—"Courage, friends!" shouts the little captain.

"Courage! one more struggle; c'est pour la Patrie!"

Like one man, the little Alsatians rally, and with a shout of "Vive la Patrie!" bear down on the Germans, who surprised, stagger backwards; they have lost their footing, and, in spite of their best efforts, recede before the impetuous charge of Conrad's small men.

Backwards they go, the bridge is nearly gained, when the shout of victory is nipped in the bud by a Prussian policeman who, coming up, lays a hand on Louis's collar, and commands them to desist.

"Unfair, unfair!" shouts Louis, crimson in his struggle to free himself; "you did not stop us when we were nearly beaten; it's just because we are beating them.

"At them, Conrad! keep it up, boys! down with the Germans! Vive la Patrie!"

The policeman, shaking him by the collar, threatens him with imprisonment, and two other policemen coming up at the same moment, the little soldiers are separated and dispersed.

"We'll beat you again to-morrow, if you like, Hans," shouts Conrad gaily.

What evil thought takes possession of Hans?

Stooping, he picks up a small sharp stone, and flings it, with a swift sure aim, straight at Conrad!

An inarticulate cry—a stagger—and the curly head of the little captain is lying low in the dust.

A terrified crowd gathers round, the boys fetch water in their caps but Conrad lies motionless.

The crowd makes way for the doctor. He stoops down, and lifts the little fellow tenderly in his arms; the beautiful head falls back lifeless on his shoulder.

"Marie's child!" say the women. "Heaven help her, it's her last. Who will dare tell her?"

A good-natured shopman brings a shutter, and upon it they carry Conrad home.

Louis remains alone, crying bitterly, upon the bridge, where he is found by his sister Jeanette, who with her quick womanly tact, says nothing, but putting her arms round his neck lays his head on her motherly little shoulder.

"Oh, Jeanette," he sobs, "what will Aunt Marie do?

"Why didn't I die instead? I've no mother to cry about me. Oh, Jeanette, poor Aunt Marie?"

* * * * *

The next morning, Louis and Jeanette climbed the long staircase and knocked timidly at Marie's door.

She was expecting them, and, opening the door, leads them in, without saying a word, to Conrad's room.

He is lying on his little bed with white flowers all around him, and that strange beautiful smile round his mouth, seen but once on each human face.

The bright morning sun sheds a radiance like a glory round the poor little face, and lies in a broad band of light on the small clasped hands.

Louis is crying quietly, but although Jeanette's hand trembles in Louis's her mouth is steady, and the peaceful beauty of her little playfellow keeps back her tears.

She leans over him kissing the pale forehead with her warm rosy lips, and unclasping the still, cold little fingers with her soft warm brown ones, lays a bunch of late roses between them.

Marie stands at the foot of the bed with her white suffering face and tearless eyes. She has not shed a tear since they brought him home.

The children turn to go, and then she speaks; but it is only to tell them the hour of the funeral, and that Louis is to be one of the coffin bearers; and then she bids them "good-bye" in the same quiet, unmoved manner.

By the unanimous wish of the Strasbourg citizens Conrad is to have a soldier's burial.

The little coffin is covered with a flag, though that is almost hidden by the wreaths that cover it; the grand old cathedral is crowded; rich and poor, old and young, are there assembled when Conrad's little army marches slowly in, bearing their flower-laden burden, while the splendid old organ peals forth, echoing down the lofty aisles, filling the cathedral with its beautiful, yet awful, music for the dead.

Gentle old Pere Sylvestre breaks down in the address he has promised to give, and the singing is broken by the sobs of the choir-boys.

The crowd follows the procession to the grave, which also is filled with flowers. The coffin is laid in, and a gun fired over the little captain's grave; then all is over, the crowd breaks up, and Marie returns a childless widow to her home, from which all the sunshine has so suddenly fled.

But what of Hans? He went home and entered the kitchen with such a white scared face that his sister Lottchen shrieked, and followed him to his bed-room to ask him if he was ill.

He said no, and told her to leave him alone.

She left him till supper-time, and then sent one of the children to ask him if he wanted his supper.

The child came back saying Hans was not there.

Lottchen, with a startled exclamation, followed the child into the bed-room. It was deserted.

The drawer in which he kept his things was empty, and the window stood wide open.

Hans had run away, nor was he ever seen in Strasbourg again.

And if ever you meet with a pale-faced German, be he soldier, student, or workman, one whose life is overshadowed by the remembrance of a terrible deed done in one hasty moment of boyish passion, will you give him a helping hand and a kind word—he needs them sorely—for the sake of "the little captain?"

LITTLE SUSIE.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"YOU will care for my child. You will not let my little one suffer."

My old friend, John Harmon, said this, as he wrung my hand hard.

I repeated my promise that in my home nest, where there was a nursery full of little ones, Susie Harmon should hold a daughter's place.

We were standing upon the wharf, waiting for the signal that it was time for my friend to step aboard a Californian steamer.

He had lost his wife within the year, and soon after was beggared by a fire that totally destroyed the mills in which he had held the position of superintendent.

With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved to seek his fortune in the modern El Dorado.

The only drawback to this scheme was the difficulty of taking his three-year-old daughter.

I talked with my wife, and found her eagerly willing to take care of the little one.

The next morning I returned home to find Susie almost inconsolable, crying perpetually for "Papa to come to Susie."

My wife was distracted at the failure to comfort this childish sorrow, and our own three children looked on wonderingly.

Fortunately, Susie was accustomed to see me, and she allowed me to comfort her.

In time this violent grief wore away, and the child became very happy in our care.

My business, being very prosperous, we did not feel the additional expense of the child's support a burden; and as the years wore by, she was as dear to us as our own little ones.

But she understood always that she was not our child, but had a dear father who loved her fondly, and was away from her only to make a fortune for her.

As soon as she was old enough, she had her father's letters read to her, and her first efforts at penmanship were letters to "Papa."

John wrote for ten years, recounting his varying success.

He was winning fortune slowly, not at the mines, where his health broke down, but in the employ of a merchant, and some speculations.

He was not a rich man he wrote, after an absence of ten years, but prospering, when he purposed paying us a visit.

He wrote hopefully of seeing his child, perhaps of taking her home with him, setting no definite time, but leading us to expect soon to see him.

Then his letters ceased, and he did not come.

After nearly two years passed, we sadly thought he must be dead.

It might have seemed to many unnatural for Susie to grieve so deeply as she did for a father almost unknown to her in reality, but she was a girl of most sensitive feelings, and we had always kept her father's name before her, striving to win him a place in her fondest affection.

When we had really lost all hope, it became Susie's great pleasure to sit beside me and ask me again and again for the stories I remembered of her father's boyhood and youth, our many excursions, and, above all, of his marriage and the gentle wife and mother so early called to Heaven.

Time softened Susie's grief, and at eighteen she was one of the sweetest, most winning girls I ever saw.

She was well educated, had a fair musical talent, and a sweet, well-cultivated voice.

She was tall and graceful, and when she was introduced to society with Joanna, my handsome brunette daughter, both became popular.

Albert and William my boys, were older than the girls.

Albert was in business with me, and William at college, the winter when Joanna and Susie made their debut.

It would take me too long to tell of the pleasures of the young folks during this winter, but Joanna was won from us by a gentleman, and Susie became, if possible, dearer than ever.

Spring had come, when one evening Albert came into my library, and said abruptly—

"Father, you have often said Susie is as dear to you as one of your own children."

"Well?" I asked.

"Will you make her your daughter in fact, by giving her to me for a wife?"

To think I had been so blind.

Susie had in truth become so much one of our children that I was as much astonished as if Albert had fallen in love with Joanna.

But I soon found, when Susie's blushing face was hidden upon my breast, that she, too, had given away her heart, and I was only too well pleased that no stranger had won the precious gift.

They were married, my son and the child of our adoption, and I gave them a house next our own for a home.

The new home was a gem of neatness under Susie's dainty fingers, and the spirt of perfect love kept it ever bright.

Having been brother and sister for so many years, Albert and Susie thoroughly understood each other's dispositions, and I have never known domestic happiness more perfect than theirs.

Susie's first child, named after her father, John Harmon, was two years old, when one morning brought me a letter in an unknown hand.

I opened it, and upon a large sheet of paper found written, in a scrawling, uneven hand, three lines—

"DEAR FRED.—Will you come to me at 47, Minton street, without letting Susie know?

"JOHN HARMON."

At first I believed it a hoax.

John had written a bold hand, clear as print.

This was a scrawl.

But the more I pondered over the matter, the more I was inclined to obey the summons.

So saying nothing of the letter to anyone, I left home.

No. 47, Minton street, I found to be a boarding house for the poorest classes, and in a shabby room, half furnished, I found an aged, worn man, perfectly blind, who rose to greet me, sobbing.

"Fred, I knew you would come."

"Why, old friend," I said, when surprise and emotion would let me speak, "how is this? We thought you were dead."

"Does Susie think so?"

"Yes. We all gave you up."

"Do not undeceive her. I meant to come home to her rich, able to gratify every desire of her girlish heart.

"Do not let her know that only a blind, sick wretch is left for her to call father. Tell me of her. Is she well? Is she happy?"

"She is both, John, a happy wife and mother."

"Married! My little Susie?"

"Married to Albert, my son, of whom you may judge when I tell you folks say he is his father over again."

"I would ask no more for my child," said John.

Then he told me the story of the years of silence.

He was preparing to pay us his promised visit when a great fire broke out that ruined his employer for the time, and swept away buildings uninsured, in which John had invested all his savings.

Worst of all, in trying to save the books of the firm, John was injured on the head by a falling beam, and lay for months in a hospital.

When he so far recovered as to be discharged, his mind was still impaired, and he could not perform his duties.

"I struggled for daily bread alone," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters, and dear Susie's, I would not write, hoping to send better tidings if I waited for a turn of Fortune's wheel. It never came.

"I left California three years ago, and came here, where I was promised a place in a great packing house.

"I saved a little money, and was hoping for better times when my health failed again, and this time, with my eyesight. I hoped against hope, spending my savings to have the best advice, and not until I was pronounced incurable would I write to you. I want you to take me to an asylum."

"I will take you to an asylum, John," I promised.

"And Susie? You will keep my secret. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?" he said eagerly.

"I will not trouble Susie's happiness," I said.

Yet an hour later I was writing to Susie, and I delayed our departure till an answer came.

It was the answer I expected from the tender, loving heart, but I said nothing of it to John.

Caring tenderly for his comfort, I took him on his way homeward.

We were not long in reaching Susie's home.

She was alone in the cheerful sitting-room as we entered, but obeyed my motion for silence as I placed John in a great arm-chair, after removing his hat and coat.

He looked wretchedly old and worn, and his clothes were shabby, yet Susie's soft eyes, misty with tears, had only love in their expression as she awaited permission to speak.

"John," I said to him, "if I had found you in a pleasant home, happy and prosperous, and I had known that Susie was poor, sick and blind, would it have been kindly act for me to hide her misfortune from you, and passing by your home have placed her in the care of the charitable?"

"Fred, you would never have done that," he said, much agitated.

"Never," I answered. "You are right. But you, John, ask me to take from Susie the happiness of knowing a father's love, the sweet duty of caring for a father's affection."

"No, no, Fred; I only ask you to put no burden upon her young life, to throw no cloud over her happiness.

"I am old and feeble; I shall trouble no one long."

"And when you die, you deprive your only child of the satisfaction of ministering to your wants—take from her her father's dying blessing?"

He turned his sightless eyes towards me, his whole face working convulsively.

"Where is she, Fred? You would not talk so if you did not know my child still loves her father."

"I am here, father!" Susie said.

And I stole softly away, as John clasped his child in his arms.

Albert was in the dining-room with Johnnie, and I was chatting still with him, when I heard John calling—

"Fred, Fred!"

I hurried to the room to find him struggling to rise, Susie vainly trying to calm him.

"I want my child!" he cried, deliriously; "you promised me my child.

I saw at a glance that the agitation of the evening had brought back the wandering mind of which he had told me.

Albert and I relieved Susie, who left us quickly.

Some finer instinct than we possessed guided her, for she returned with Johnnie, and whispering him to be very good and kiss grandpapa, she put him in her father's arms.

In a second his excitement was gone, and he fondled the curly head, while Johnnie obediently pressed his lips upon the wizened cheek.

We watched them silently, till we saw a shadow pass over John's face, and a change settle there that comes but once in life.

Gently Albert lifted the child, and carried him to his nursery, while Susie and I sat beside the arm-chair.

"Father," she whispered, "Albert will go for a doctor. Oh, let him speak to me once more."

Even as she spoke, John opened his eyes.

All the wild look had gone from them as he groped a moment till Susie put her hands in his.

Then a heavenly smile came upon the wasted lips, and he said softly, tenderly—

"Susie, my own little Susie!"

And with the name on his lips John's spirit fled.

THE greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.

IN THE STORM.

BY SUSANNA J.

A fringe of shadows from the sky,
  Wide fields without a flush of green,
Gaunt lifeless branches tossed on high,
  A sullen waste, a wintry scene.
The rushing of the swollen brook
  Comes on the wind both sad and cold;
The birds are silent in their nooks,
  The flow'rs are prisoned 'neath the mould;
The woods that were so green and fair
  Have nothing now to make them glad—
No music-flow, no blossom-glow;
  And sometimes Life is just as sad.

Sad heart that feels its youth is past,
  Whose days are dull with heavy care!
A lonely lot 'mid strangers cast—
  How drear and sad it is to bear!
Or, when a sudden darkness falls
  Where lately shone Love's brightest glow,
The shadow of Despair appals
  The soul, and lays its courage low.
'Tis then we feel that naught can heal
  Our aching hearts or soothe their pain.
Yet look on high—the dawn is nigh,
  The sun will surely rise again.

A snowdrop starting from its sheath,
  Young grasses in the sheltered lane,
And tufted daffodils beneath
  The orchard-boughs are green again.
And, oh, the thrushes how they sing!
  The skylarks how they soar on high!
New life hath come to everything
  Betwixt the joyful earth and sky.
The sunshine warm dispels the storm
  From scenes no longer bleak and bare;
E'en so hath life, with all its strife,
  Sweet Summer seasons fresh and fair.

OF INSTINCT.

MEMBERS of the human family are supposed to be governed or controlled by reason, whilst other animals are said to be governed by instinct.

What is meant by instinct?

It has many definitions. A fair one may be, an unreasonable impulse to do certain actions. The infant acts from this impulse. It seeks its food instinctively.

Chickens, when young, instinctively run away from the hawk. They seem to know instinctively that the hawk has a natural impulse to do them harm.

Instinct compels a bird to build a nest without knowing in what its usefulness consists.

Instinct is a force that nature has placed in every animal, however large or small. It is a living force that aids in seeking and obtaining the means of growth. Instinct is a blind impulse that controls every animal in many ways. It acts, it knows not why.

Animals may reason to some extent, but instinct supplies the place of reason.

Some years ago we observed a young deer attempting to cure a sick and suffering kid. She began her medical treatment by champooing her infant's belly with her nose. She rubbed it up and down its body, and then crosswise for some time, and the kid was relieved.

This suffering kid was its mother's first child. She could know nothing of curing disease from experience. Who told the mother what to do—how to relieve her suffering child? We say nature, or the Creator.

Animal mothers are usually affectionate, but some seem to have no germ of love. The mother sheep hears the cry of anxiety uttered by her wandering lamb, and at once seeks and finds it—offers it its proper food.

How did she know, when she heard the cry, that it was her lamb who was uttering cries of hunger and distress? Instinct told her.

We have often seen a sheep recognizing her infant in a flock of many hundred mother sheep. So all animals, with a few exceptions, are moved to act under the guidance of instinct nearly always in the same way under the same conditions. Instinct is uniform in its actions. If a change occurs it is for a special purpose.

This uniformity of instinct gives uniformity of action to some species of animals in all parts of the known world, and so we find that all the members of any species of animals act alike under the same conditions.

Animals may be educated by habit. In the East sheep may be made to recognize the shepherd's voice and know at once when he calls.

Some years ago a missionary visited missionary settlements in the East. The keeper of a flock told him that he would give him the names of several of the sheep, and told him he might call any of them.

The traveler repeated those names in a strong and full voice, but the sheep did not heed him.

The shepherd then called, and they came to him at once.

"Why is this?" asked the traveler.

"You are a stranger to them, and my sheep do not know the voice of strangers; but they do the voice of their keeper. He calls them, and they follow him."

We see instinct guiding the chickens when they hear the voice of a hawk high in air. The sound is hardly heard when the little chicks, just hatched, perhaps, hie quickly to their mother, and conceal themselves beneath her wings.

They had never seen a hawk, nor heard its voice before. Instinct taught them. The Creator taught them to run at the first appearance of the murderer of other birds. Like Cain, nature put a mark upon him. Those chickens were never taught by any one but their Creator.

He put a mark upon the hawk, so that other birds might know him, and flee at once as soon as they heard his voice. Even little chickens knew him. Nature, the Creator, inspired them, and taught them how to avoid him.

The partridge of our woods affords an interesting illustration of what is meant by instinct.

The mother partridge has just come from her warm nest, leading from their birthplace a brood of her infants.

As she struts along, as proud of her young as any mother can be, she suddenly hears a noise, perhaps a dog, hastening on his way. She utters a warning note, and instantly her children conceal themselves beneath the leaves. Instinct prompts her to cover her nest when leaves are abundant.

The very next moment she flies, or runs to some distant spot, and makes a fuss or noise so as to attract the attention of the dog, and allure him from her trembling brood.

She withdraws more and more from the place in which they are concealed, mounts upon a tree and bids defiance to the dog, and lets him bark to his heart's content. This barking protects her dear ones, because it keeps them still.

Ultimately she retires, and in due time she calls her young to come to her. In this way they all meet again, and are glad to see each other once more.

Grains of Gold.

One trouble makes us forget a thousand mercies.

Take care with whom you make an acquaintance.

Almost the best rule of life is to be worthy of one's self.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all ideas of good breeding.

It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

It is not when we are most pleased with ourselves that we please God the most.

Earnestness is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

We find many things to which the prohibition of them constitutes the only temptation.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the heart and the head are stuffed with goods.

He who climbs above the cares of this world, and turns his face to God, has found the sunny side of life.

Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender—these are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

Value no man for his opinion; but esteem him according as his life corresponds with the rules of piety and justice.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving the instant we walk into the shade.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them, in pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.

Method in everything is incalculably valuable. It promotes comfort. It saves a large expenditure of time. It avoids numberless inconveniences.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This is it which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another. And he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Femininities.

An old maid's sphere. To die single.

To whom much is given much is required in return.

Glove-making in England gives employment to 25,000 women.

It takes a long times for a woman to get into the thirties, but when she does get there, she stays!

Miss Maud C. Major, a girl not yet out of her teens, has recently started a paper at Norwich, Dakota.

Do not be too lavish in your praise of various members of your own family when speaking to strangers.

In undressing, a man begins by taking off his shoes; and a woman generally begins by taking off her hair.

A Rochester paper has opened its columns for opinions and suggestions on protecting wives from drunken husbands.

Mrs. Eleanor Thompson, of Federalsburg, Ind., has been the mother of 21 children, fourteen boys and seven girls.

A country editor, on being jilted, remarked that love was a good deal like a Scotch plaid—all stuff and often crossed.

Thirty States and Territories have more men than women, and seventeen States and Territories have more women than men.

It may seem singular, but it is nevertheless true, that a woman can stand squarely in Pennsylvania, and yet be in a new Jersey.

Offering candy to an elephant is like offering marriage to an old maid. She may turn up her nose, but she accepts it all the same.

Mrs. Gordon, of Bluffton, S. C., is 110 years old, and still continues her habit of walking four miles to church at least once a month.

White stockings are coming once again into fashion in London, from the crusade by the doctors against colored wear as slow poisoners.

An anxious father writes to ask what he shall do with his daughter, as she is full of electricity. Marry her to a good conductor, we would advise.

A machine that will darn stockings has been invented. This will give mothers more time to devote to crazy quilts, repousse work and other useful household duties.

Saturday is the divorce day in Chicago courts, that day having been chosen to give the couples divided a chance to go out buggy-riding with their new loves the next day.

Charming young lady—"Oh, I had such a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast that the other couldn't get in a word."

Miss Nellie Tomes, of Montpelier, Vt., was very much astonished, the other day, when a bird flew down on her hand and remained there perfectly helpless. It had been charmed by her snakering.

A widow writes to a Boston paper: "No woman should marry a man of any age for money. It needs all the decision of love to make one deceive herself into believing any man endurable in matrimony."

A "Girls' Union" has been organized in San Francisco for the benefit of young working-women away from their families, and for those who, through sickness or enforced idleness, may need some timely assistance.

A lecturer says that a man should be better able to endure severe hardships between twenty and thirty years of age than at any other time of life. This may explain why most men marry between twenty and thirty.

The latest wrinkle among the sporting and horsy ladies of the period, is to wear their railway tickets stuck in the band of their turbans or Derby hats when on a journey. They say it looks so chic, "just like a man."

Fifteen Massachusetts girls are about to undertake a tramp of 200 miles in the Adirondacks. Somebody has been giving them some exaggerated pointers about the number of unmarried men who have taken to the woods.

These two quaint lines contain the history of domestic life from the beginning, and they are not likely to be proven false by the future: "As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith, so must it be."

A Norwich, Conn., journal says of a widower of that place, who a short time ago married his seventh wife, that "he waived the customary tour and buckled down to his daily calling as if he had become convinced that life is too real and earnest in its sunset for any display of foolishness."

A Vassar girl writes: "I havent seen a man in a month of Sundays. We were out taking a 'constitutional' Saturday and came across a scarecrow in a cornfield. All the girls ran for it at once, and I only managed to secure a part of one of the skirts of the coat. Still it was something."

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outwards."

If there is anything that is calculated to make a woman dwell on suicide, it is after she has spent twenty minutes fixing her bangs, ten minutes powdering her chin, and five minutes putting the room to rights, to rush to the door in answer to the bell, and to be met with the inquiry: "Buy some nice family soap, madam?—eleven cakes for fifteen cents."

In the concert room: She—"Isn't it lovely? I never heard such delicious music. So tender, so plaintive, so refined, so soul-possessing!" He—"I am delighted to know that you are such a music-lover; but this is nothing to what you will hear when they get through tuning their instruments."

News Notes.

In France only 60 stock brokers are permitted by law.

A vein of natural coke has recently been discovered in Utah.

Connecticut devotes 90,000 acres to the cultivation of the oyster.

Parlor cars, with bay windows, are about the latest thing on wheels.

Bear meat is a regular dish at all the hotels and restaurants in Russia.

Vermont school-teachers are prohibited by law from the use of tobacco.

Miss Agnes Benedict will attempt to swim the English Channel next month.

At latest accounts the debts of H. R. H. Albert Edward, footed up $1,000,000.

The 5-cent piece is the smallest coin (in value) in circulation in New Orleans.

There is danger that the prosperous town of Greenville, Miss., will slip into the river.

Type-writing has been introduced in the Chicago public schools in an experimental way.

During 1883 450 lives were saved on the British coast by means of the rocket apparatus.

According to the pious Miss Ellen Chase, there will be just three women to one man in Heaven.

A New Albany firm gives every twentieth customer the amount of his purchase. The plan takes well.

The crop of wheat this year bids fair to reach 520,000,000 bushels, 100,000,000 in excess of last year.

California is producing not far from eighteen million dollars of gold and silver annually.

Franz Hilman, the man who invented the polka, has just died in Prague, at the age of 80 years.

The great tunnel under the river Mersey, in England, will be three and one-eighth miles in length.

Forty-four deaths occurred from starvation, or were accelerated by privation, in London, last year.

During a storm in Pasadena, California, on June 12th, hail, it is reported, fell to a depth of six inches.

A shoal of codfish one mile long and containing 120,000,000 fish, will eat 360,000,000 herring in in one week.

Pueblo, Col., as a means of ridding the city of unlicensed dogs, pays the police $1 for each one they kill.

According to a physician, sudden fright is a cure for sea-sickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine.

Formerly there was a law in Japan requiring every person who cut down a tree to plant two in its place.

The public schools of Japan have over two millions of students, and are modeled on the American plan.

A vain man in Connecticut who habitually took arsenic to improve his complexion, died recently from its effects.

Alligator skin is now being used for watch-cases. The leather is fastened to a metal backing and highly polished.

At Rostoy, South Russia, there is said to be a sect which gives poisonous narcotics to children as a part of its "religion."

Paul Martin, of Milwaukee, has gone to the penitentiary three months for stealing a kiss from Miss Ernestine Curtis.

According to a recent census, 17.05 of the male population of Italy between the ages of 20 and 25, can neither read nor write.

Little boys in Mexico who obey their teachers in school are rewarded by being allowed to smoke while they study.

In Plumes county, Cal., quail are so plentiful that they run around like chickens, come into barnyards, and even enter houses.

The arrival of Chinese at San Francisco is but little restricted, and nearly 4,000 have landed on American shores in the past five months.

The greatest distance ever ridden on a bicycle without dismounting is said to be 330 miles 40 yards. The feat was accomplished in London in 1880.

In St. Louis, where the German element constitutes probably one-half of the population, the Wagner concerts resulted in a deficit of about $2,000.

Grasshoppers are so thick between Folsom and Latrobe, near White Rock, Cal., that the Indians recently gathered fifty sacks full and had a feast.

It is claimed that the bagpipes did not originate as a Scottish instrument. Although in use in Rome during the time of Nero, its origin is in doubt.

Japan is said to have the cheapest postal service in the world, letters being conveyed all over the empire for about one and one-half cents our money.

Nine defaulters, formerly bank or government officials, now in the Trenton, N. J., penitentiary, are said to have stolen a total of three million dollars.

"Tea Leaves" is the title of a little book telling all about the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor in 1773. It contains the names of 355 persons who took part therein.

A couple of police officers seized each other, recently, at Saugerties, N. Y., upon an alarm being caused by thieves breaking into a store, and held each other so long that when they discovered their mistake the thieves had escaped.

The Separation.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

"WHAT a goose you are, Sybilla," said Mrs. Mountfort De Florian. "He'll never know it. And if he does, what fault can he find? It's nothing but a surprise party; all masked of course, and ——"

"Oh, yes," said Sybilla, doubtfully; "but Basil particularly dislikes surprise masquerades, and I promised him I would never take part in one."

"You silly little thing!" said Mrs. De Florian, good-naturedly tapping Sybilla Maurice's cheek with her fan. "Now's the time to conquer all your husband's prejudices, or never.

"Take matters into your own hands at once. Not a year married and afraid of your husband!

"Why, what's to become of you, I'd like to know, at this rate?"

Sybilla hung her head and colored, feeling as if she had been guilty of she knew not what amount of moral cowardice and poltroonery.

Mrs. De Florian saw her advantage, and went on—

"I've ordered the prettiest costume in the world for you—an Eastern odaliaques, all pink satin and gold fringes. I'm to be a gypsy fortune-teller. We are all to unmask at twelve precisly.e

"It will be the most perfect thing of the season. And now, Sybilla, if you deliberately insist upon turning us out of your house——"

"Oh, I shouldn't do that, of course," said Sybilla; "and, as you say, Basil is not to return from the country until next week, and there need be no real harm done, and one can't very well be rude to one's friends."

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. De Florian, well pleased at the success of her special pleading.

But when that matron had taken her departure, and the glamor of her persuasive presence was withdrawn, Sybilla sat down to think matters over.

Her heart quailed within her.

After all, what were Mrs. De Florian and her bevy of gay associates to the young wife compared with Basil's love?

How she wished she had spoken out a prompt denial at once.

"But it's too late now," said Sybilla, half aloud.

"They are all coming, and I don't want them to think me inhospitable."

The windy, snowy March evening came, and Sybilla Maurice's drawing-room, so artistically decorated by her husband's loving care, was thrown open to a miscellaneous crowd, who cared not a straw for their hostess, except in so far as to enjoy her elegant apartments, and make her servants subordinate to their convenience.

Lights sparkled.

Flowers hung in blossoming pendants from the chandeliers, and made starry festoons across the beautifully carved walnut portals.

The band was playing merrily.

A medley tribe of Red Cross Knights, gypsies, queens daughters of the regiment, Druids, and Continentals sauntered hither and thither.

Sybilla Maurice, in her exceedingly becoming costume of an odalisque, was losing her sense of wrong-doing in the fascination of the scene, when a servant came to her with a whispered message.

"There is a gentleman asking to see you in the library, ma'am."

"Who is it, Bessie?"

"He said tell you a gentleman, ma'am."

"Another surprise, I suppose."

And Sybilla tripped off, removing her pink satin mask, as she passed out of the noisy atmosphere of the congregated guests.

The library was illuminated only by a drop-light.

The fire glowed low on the marble hearth.

The sounds from the brilliant rooms beyond reached this quiet nook, as if they came from another world.

A gentleman stood by the table.

Sybilla's heart gave a sudden, tumultuous throb as she recognized her husband.

"Sybilla!" he said, in low, earnest tones, "what is this?"

She looked up with frightened, luminous eyes into his grave stern face.

"Indeed, Basil," she faltered. "I have not invited them. It is a surprise party."

"A surprise that is most unpalatable to me," he said coldly.

"And your dress"—scanning the satin trousers and glistening, gold-fringed robes. "I congratulate you upon a costume which would do justice to a merry-andrew, or a dancing girl in a theatre."

"Basil, forgive me!"

She shrank before his sarcasm, as a rootless flower withers up before the scathing noon sunshine.

"I will go to a hotel," he said, coldly. "My own house is no home for me. My wife has proved herself unworthy of the trust I reposed in her.

"Sybilla, I cannot believe in a mere empty show of married happiness, when the life is all gone out of it. You had better return to your aunt as soon as practicable.

"A suitable allowance shall be made for you, and you will have an opportunity to consider the wisdom of your late proceedings at your leisure."

And half an hour later, when Mrs. De Florian came to look for the hostess, to inquire why the supper was delayed so long, she found the young odalisque fainting on the library sofa, her satin mask lying on the floor beside her, the gold fringes of her dress glistening faintly in the fire-light.

* * * * * *

"Have you heard from him, aunt? Does he say anything about me?"

Aunt Janet, a silver-haired old lady, who always wore the richest of black silks, and the costliest of yellow old lace, shook her head mournfully.

"He encloses the quarter's allowance, Sybilla, that is all."

Sybilla Maurice's countenance fell.

"Oh, if he would but write a single word—if he would only say 'How is she?' If he would evince by but one word that he sometimes thought of me!" she wailed. "Two years—and not one loving word."

Janet looked sadly down upon her niece's bowed head.

"It is your own fault, Sybilla."

"But I have been punished for it so bitterly, aunt! And I love him still—oh, so dearly!"

Janet shook her head and knitted away in silence.

This was one of the inscrutable life-riddles for which she could see no solution.

Sybilla had been giddy and foolish, Basil vindictive and inexorable.

They wrought out their own destiny, and she could see no alternative but for them to abide by it.

But all the same, the tears dropped softly on her work as she knitted away.

* * * * * *

Alone—all alone!

Basil Maurice, sitting by his solitary fireside, could not amuse his restless mind by the columns of the newspaper, on that stormy March night.

He threw it aside, and letting his forehead drop into his hands, abandoned himself to melancholy thought.

All day long the presence of Sybilla had seemed to him near.

He had smelt the perfume she generally carried about with her—a subtle, sweet atmosphere, and had been half angry when he traced it to a bunch of flowers that his sister had placed on the library table.

He had fancied he heard her light footfall on the stairs—the rustle of her dress.

And yet, was she not as dead to him as if she were lying coffined underneath the sod?

"If I were to send for her, she would not come back now," thought he. "I have taken my destiny into my own hands, and I have made a failure of it. If a man could only live his life over twice!"

All at once the light footfall sounded once more on the stair.

The soft, silken draperies seemed to rustle in the very doorway.

But Basil was on his guard against all such delusions now.

He never stirred, nor lifted his head from its dejected posture.

"Basil! oh, my husband!"

He started up, and saw Sybilla kneeling at his feet.

Sybilla, pale and lovely, with pleading, uplifted eyes, and hands clasped in the passion of entreaty.

"Oh, forgive me, my husband! Oh, take me back to your heart. Let the past be blotted out from between us, and let us begin our world anew."

Basil Maurice, clasping his long-estranged wife to his heart, felt how impossible it is for Resolution to conquer Love.

"Little Sybilla," he answered, in a choked voice, "we have both been wrong, but I have erred most grievously. Let it be as you say. Let us both begin again."

Mrs. Mountfort De Florian, who somehow contrived to find out most that was going on, declared that Mrs. Maurice was a great fool to entreat her husband's pardon in that spiritless sort of way.

"I would not have knuckled under to him!" said Mrs. De Mountfort, with more emphasis than elegance.

But Mrs. De Mountfort and Sybilla were cast in quite different moulds.

The young wife had been wrong—nor was she too proud to own it.

There was quite enough of magnanimity in Basil's nature to appreciate her sacrifice of self-pride.

And so for this young couple the world began anew.

Would it could be thus with all sundered lives!

THE SEA.—By sailors, the birds known as "Mother Carey's Chickens" are looked upon with dread and superstition, as they consider their visits an omen of evil. They look as if actually walking upon the water, for their feet are so constructed that, with the help of their long, pointed wings, they skim over its face; hence the name "Sea Runners;" their other name "Petrel" is from the Italian word, *Petrello*, which signifies "little Peter," and they are thus called because when eagerly searching the water for food, they sometimes almost sink as they walk or run upon the waves, as did the disciple Peter when walking on the water to reach the Lord as He appeared to him.

STRAY FACTS.—North America was called Mexicana in an English almanac published in 1747, and South America, Peruviana. The provinces of Mexicana were New Spain, Florida, New Albany, New England, New France, or Canada. The islands were Newfoundland and California. Herds of cattle, when attacked by a wolf, place the calves in the centre of a circle, and resist in form; or the bull advances and drives away the enemy.

THE RISKY YEAR.

What striking contrasts fickle woman shows,
What various arts she uses well to hide
The prints of time, and also undergoes
Change after change in Fashion's world so wide

How resolute she will all hints oppose,
That she is verging on a risky year—
Yet, when she does admit the bitter dose,
How sl she is to leave it in the rear.

For instance, see how hard it is to get
Her in the thirties, but, once in their way,
She turns about, and all suits fully set,
She don't come out of them while she can stay.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Always in use—The letter s.

Maid of the mist—A drizzling rain.

Maid of the mister—A sweetheart.

Maid of mystery—Boarding-house hash.

Sound investment—Purchasing a pianoforte.

The smaller the string of fish the bigger the lie.

Bound over for a new trial—Last year's spring suit.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry

For 20 years HUMPHREYS' Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock-breeders, Horse R. R., Hippodromes, Menageries, and others with perfect success.

LIST OF SPECIFICS.

A. A.	Cures Fevers & Inflammation, Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera.	75c.
B. B.	Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.	75c.
C. C.	Cures Distemper, Nasal Discharges.	75c.
D. D.	Cures Bots or Grubs, Worms.	75c.
E. E.	Cures Cough, Heaves, Pneumonia.	75c.
F. F.	Cures Colic or Gripes, Belly-ache.	75c.
G. G.	Prevents Miscarriage.	75c.
H. H.	Cures all Urinary Diseases.	75c.
I. I.	Cures Eruptive Diseases, Mange.	75c.
J. J.	Cures all Diseases of Digestion.	75c.
	Veterinary Case, (black walnut) with Veterinary Manual (320 pages), 10 bottles Medicine, and Medicator, - - -	$8.00
	Medicator, - - - - - -	35

☞ These Veterinary Cases are sent free of express on receipt of the price, or any order for Veterinary Medicine to the amount of $5.00 or more.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (320 pages) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

☞ **Pamphlets sent free** on application.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Med. Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

DR. LUTZE'S
"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ **DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Sufferer. Dr. Kruse, 2528 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica,
Headache,
Toothache,
Inflammation,
Asthma,
Influenza,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms,

Fever and Ague.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from mercurial diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

New Publications.

"The Countess of Monte-Christo," just published is one of the greatest, most interesting and most thrilling novels of the day. It is the companion to "The Count of Monte-Christo." The plot episodes and mysterious complications all have the utmost power, originality and excitement. Everything is natural, dramatic and intensely vivid; in fact, such a tissue of fascination was never before presented to the reading public. The strange and stirring adventures of the Countess bewilder and enthrall, the reader being constantly kept on the qui-vive from the first word to the last. Love is effectively brought in, crime of the most daring description has its part in the unexpected incidents, and vice and virtue lend contrasting hues to the ever-changing kaleidoscope of events. "The Countess of Monte-Cristo" will charm both old and young. It should be read by every lover of fiction in the land. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price $1,00.

"Miss Nancy" is the title of a mild little novel, or love story, that may be read by most people without strong emotions of any kind. It will, supposing it to have a literary claim upon any readers, be more likely to interest Philadelphians, as the scene is laid here, and what there is of plot and characters, are purely local. It has evidently been written by some young society lady, and perhaps for a purpose, as it is evident certain prominent families if not persons are alluded to under thinly disguised names. As we have said, however, it indulges in nothing striking, so that it will have to be read for its literary merits alone, if at all. It can be read in a few hours, and much less innocent reading could very easily be found. David McKay Publisher. Price $1,25.

We have received from H. P. Hubbard, proprietor of the International Newspaper Agency of New Haven, Conn., Volume III. of his Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World. This is a publication which should be in the hands of all who have anything to do in the way of advertising whatever. The book which is elegantly printed and bound, revises completely the Catalogue of American Newspapers, fully describes the 15,884 publications now in existence in the United States and British America, giving each paper's name, political, religious or other characters, accompanied with all possible facts, date of establishment, number of pages and columns to issue, length and width of columns, days of publication, and average circulation. This is by far the most authentic and complete, as it is the fullest Catalogue in existence of American publications. This is followed by a list of Class papers, a Directory of Representative Organs, in which are grouped the Agricultural, Religious, Industrial, Commercial, Scientific, Educational and all papers devoted to special interests—here and the remainder of the World. An Analytical Classification of Foreign Publications, in tabular form shows the number of these in each of 71 foreign lands. This is followed by a revised list of the Banks of the United States and British America. In addition to the foregoing features, the Volume presents valuable information to Advertisers and others. Three Points in Newspaper Advertising, by Victor F. Lawson, of Chicago; and Advertising as a Science and Success, by Frederick L. May, of London, Eng., are capital revelations of the true inwardness of the science of advertising. How to Advertise Judiciously, is the title of an article embodying the experience and opinions of over one hundred leading advertisers. Other titles are Erring Publishers; A Celebrated Case; Odd Addresses; Odd Names of Newspapers; Australian Postal Reform; A Celestial Vision of Mundane Affairs; Trial by Newspapers; Letters for Foreign Countries; Seven Points for Consideration and Careful Reading; Bright Thoughts from the Fraternity of Advertising Agents; The Cosmopolitan Edition; Encircling the Globe; English versus American Newspapers; Foreign Harvests Ripe for American Sickles; etc., etc. A copious Index completes the volume, which contains 1,329 pages. Price $5.00.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine has among others, the following contents for July: The New Home; Invocation of Earth to Morning, Illustrated; Mozart and Haydn; Censoriousness; Harvest Song, Illustrated; Yankee Jim; The Myth of the Butterfly, Illustrated; Hans and the Golden Apple; Sister's Eyes, Illustrated; Janet's Way; The Children's Room, Illustrated; Sunset; Authorship; One Woman's Lifetime; etc., etc. The departments in themselves are worth the price of the magazine. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Phila., Pa.

We have nothing to say more than usual of *Our Little Ones and the Nursery* which for July is filled with a lot of good reading, nice pictures, and other matter just adapted to the needs of smaller children. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston. Subscription $1,50 per year.

Vick's Floral Monthly for July like all its predecessors, is full of the best of matter pertaining to the garden and flowers. Those anyway interested in these subjects will find it worth while to become subscribers. James Vick, Rochester, New York, Publisher. Price, $1,25 per year.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills Promptly relieve the stomach, correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste, and cure constipation.

Robust Health

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

MUSIC

FOR ALL.

ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,-

FOR

Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address.

DIME MUSIC CO.

726 Sansom Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

100 New popular songs, 10c. 50 new Chromo Cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. C W Brooks, Putney, Vt

50 Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name and six latest songs, 10c. J. B. Pardee, 411 7th Ave., N.Y.

READ THIS.

TWO GRAND OLEOGRAPHS

MAGNIFICENT ART WORKS!

COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

----AND----

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER."

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.

FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the Post at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair —costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞ THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS. ☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape and is full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream and, is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded as oil-paintings, to apply at once.

Address, **THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO.,**

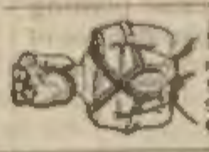
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Visit Philadelphia Wanamaker's Store.

AGENTS WANTED

BLAINE Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, handsomest, cheapest, best. By the renownest historian and biographer, Colonel Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new in planners successful; grand chance for them; $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time.

ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Me.



Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc.** Sample outfit **Free.** Address **Queen City Suspender Co.,** Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM HABIT!

Sufferers from this pernicious habit will do well to write to DR. MARSH, of Quincy, Mich., who has a world wide reputation for the cures he has made during the past twelve years. The main points to be ascertained are the present state of health, length of time used, and present amount of drug used per week. Healthful Home Treatment when desired. Send for testimonials from leading physicians and representative men and women cured.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

HENLEY'S CHALLENGE ROLLER SKATE

ACKNOWLEDGED BY EXPERTS AS THE

MOST COMPLETE, SCIENTIFIC SKATE and by Rink Men as the MOST DURABLE one in the market.

Liberal Terms to the Trade.

For new 48 page Illustrated Catalogue, send 4 ct. stamp to **M. C. HENLEY, RICHMOND, IND.**

EVERY BOY & GIRL

Who sends us eight 2-cent stamps (16cts.) and the name and address of ten boys and girls who love to read, will receive "Young America" one year, a large 50 column monthly, full of brilliant pictures, stories, puzzles, etc. Best and cheapest boys and girls paper in America. Don't miss this rare chance. Address YOUNG AMERICA, Lock Box 675, Canal Dover, Ohio.

2806 Lbs. Wght Of Two OHIO IMPROVED CHESTER HOGS. Send for description of this famous breed. Also Fowls. L. B. SILVER, CLEVELAND, O.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of delicious sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD COINS. 10 Foreign Coins, all different.. 25c. $123 in Confederate Money..... 25c. Premium Coin Book..... 15c. &c. L. FANCHER, West Winsted, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE poke and other monstrosities have had their day; the hats are many of them large, but not ungainly.

Straw of every grade is worn. One of the greatest novelties is illustrated in the hat with the strands sewed lengthwise, instead of round and round. Capotes are also made in this way.

Another novelty is lace and crape-covered hats. The crown is covered smoothly; the brim may be of straw, metallic lace or galloon, or closely shirred.

A lovely white crape hat has a high receding crown plainly covered, the brim partly drooping, notched just over the forehead, and again at the side; is closely shirred inside and out; on the inside edge is a fluffy trimming of gold thread; outside several white ostrich tips curl over the crown, the stems concealed under a loop of dull red velvet.

A butterfly, with variegated wings of gauze, touches lightly upon the feathers, as if about to fly.

Another large hat has the crown of white satin beads, while the wide brim is of lace and beads, beautiful feathers curl around the crown; and there are lovely shirred mull hats in white and delicate tints intended for watering places; these are trimmed with wild flowers, pompons and feather aigrette in profusion.

Everything is worn; straw, silk, lace, velvet and straw, chenille and lace, lattice bonnets, flower capotes and crape.

Mushroom or champignon, as our more aristocratic French neighbors have it, is the selected tint, or tints, for we all know the mushroom shades from a "fady" gray to a deep purplish brown; the flowers in some of these shades, with a commingling of silver, gold or steel tinsel, are showy and pretty.

There are tips and aigrettes with a dash of garnet or magenta or blue; indeed, this color seems capable of combining with almost any of the dark contrasts.

Capotes are more shells for the back of the head, or more ample crowns with the tiniest of brims; indeed, the brim seems to be at a discount this summer; it is all crown, or no fashion; the crowns are square, round, long, oblong, gathered, plaited, scalloped and lapped.

Lace crape and metallic lace are all put plain and without wrinkles over the crown; a finer fold of velvet may trim around the crown, or a ruching of lace my finish it; the brim has the lace or crape put over plainly, with a tiny ruching inside; or it is finely tucked and shirred over the brim. Most trimming, whether it be flowers, feathers, or loops of lace or ribbon, is massed on the top of the capote, instead of low at the side, as heretofore the rage.

The favorite mode of making a white linen lawn this season is to lay the length of the skirt—which is ungored—in wide tucks, these being very often four inches deep.

A space of about fifteen inches between the belt and the upper tuck is more graceful than to have the tucks run all the way to the waist.

The overdress is rather short in front, and the drapery in the back is tucked into the belt.

The bodice has a Mother Hubbard yoke, to which is gathered a full waist, belted and finished with a satin girdle or ribbon with flowing loops and ends fastened in the middle of the back.

When a trip to the seashore is contemplated, or any other visit where it is not convenient to carry many wash-dresses, a white camel's hair is both serviceable. It may be used at a garden party, a "hop" or for an ordinary evening dress.

Cut square in the neck, with [illegible] sleeves, and trimmed with any [illegible] of lace, it will always be a dainty [illegible] for

Black stockings are the [illegible] wear with low shoes, which have [illegible]erseded slippers.

These shoes have rounded (not pointed) toes, thicker soles than are used for house shoes, and the preference with ladies who follow English fashions is for low heels. Patent leather remains in favor, but will be more often used merely for the vamp, while the uppers are kid, instead of having the whole patent-leather.

These are made to lace through six sets of eyelets quite far up on the instep, or else they are cut lower and finished out with a broad tongue.

Black kid linings are used by many dealers, as light linings are soon soiled by colored stockings.

Slippers for the house are cut very low in front, and have their box toes more sharply pointed than shoes.

What is called the slipper tie, and also the sailor tie, is a pretty slipper that laps slightly from the sides, and is tied through one or two sets of eyelets; this is liked for house slippers in the day time.

Walking boots are of French kid, or else they have patent leather vamps. Tips of patent leather just across the toes are no longer used, as the vamp is enlarged to look like a slipper, in which rests the upper boot of kid or of colored prunella, to match the dress in color.

Buttoned boots are most used, though there is a renewed effort to introduce lace shoes for walking. Extremely high French heels are not put on walking boots; the toes are a compromise between the pointed and square shapes occasionally seen; the soles are light but substantial, and in every way there is a return to sensible shoes of ample size and easy fit, which give not only comfort but symmetry to the foot. The ecru canvas shoes remain in favor for country use.

Parasols and Laces.—The revival of the one-piece lace cover in parasols meets with great approval.

Grandmothers and maiden aunts repeat the story of the changing parasolette and cover of their youthful days, of the expense, which, by the way, hardly compared with that of to-day, for the web-like beauties of now were then unknown; indeed, our ideas of extravagance in every detail of dress do not extend back to those days, and the llama lace was the one in general use, and the cover was bought to fit the parasol as nearly as possible.

Now we have the real thread in most exquisite designs in Chantilly thread, marquise, duchess point (in white), the escurial in various colors, and these have the covering of the parasol rounded to fit the scallops or point of the lace to a nicety of a thread.

Parasol covers range in price from $3 in woven lace, pretty, soft and showy, up to $75; $30 purchases a pretty and fine Chantilly covered parasol; $25 a marquise cover.

Then there is the star parasol, edged with a lace flounce, finished with an applique lace border; the seamless parasol that requires two flounces; the changeable silk parasol; the one with a finely shirred lining; and the ever serviceable changeable silk sun-umbrella, whose functions are for use, not show.

In laces, it would seem there is no end to the varieties; duchess point has renewed its favor with dainty ladies; much of it is worn.

There is a woven Valenciennes that so nearly resembles the exquisite real, that ladies possessing this lace of untold value have put it away, biding their time when the spurious shall have had its day.

Chantilly lace is revived, not only in parasols covers, but in net edge, flounces, long and beautifully wrought in one-piece overdress, sacques, fichus and barbes.

A very elegant overdress is valued at $380, a mesque at $75, a flounce at $90, and fichu at $25; barbes from $20 down to $5.

The new nets in color designed for elaborate costumes are escurial, Honiton point, macrame pattern, Irish point, Donegal net and crochet point net.

All of these have edges in different widths to match, and the heart of the lover of lace is this season made glad.

Inexpensive laces, such as the Oriental, imitation English point ecru and creamy imitation laces, are used to trim the foulard and pongee silk costumes that are so much liked for midsummer costumes in our capricious climate, where delicate ladies seldom trust themselves to wear muslin, tissues, or any of the very gauzy fabrics in vogue.

The old-time silk poplin and lustre alpaca come in for fashionable favor this season.

A lovely poplin in silver gray for a lady going to the seashore has the usual plaiting at the foot; over this is a deep flounce of escurial lace (black) and two others across the front.

Fireside Chat.

SUITABLE TO THE SEASON.

PRETTY summer dresses are sent to the wash tub with reluctance; nobody knows how they will come out of it. First the laundress must be cautioned not to hang them in the sun to dry, or all your precautions will be in vain, and they must be hung up wrong side out, like all other wearing apparel, so that passing dust will not stick to the outer surface.

Since soap ruins some delicate colors, have the summer dresses washed with borax.

This helps to remove soil and stains without removing the color also; it should be added to the water in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

Powdered borax may be purchased at any drug store; it should be dissolved in very hot water.

For very delicate colors it is well to dissolve a tablespoonful of alum in enough lukewarm water to wet the dress thoroughly; rinse it up and down several times, then rub it gently in warm, not hot suds; rinse thoroughly in cold water into which you have put a small handful of salt; iron, if possible before it becomes dry; but if it should dry more speedily than you expect, iron it under a damp cloth.

Many of the fashionable fabrics now used are intended to be roughdried and simply smoothed and simply pulled straight. Never use very hot starch in colored dresses.

Mosquitoes again.—For practical protection against flies and mosquitoes, there are two new articles invented.

The pocket-mosquito bar is adapted to the uses of tourists and traveler, can be worn day or night, and seems convenient to carry; it is recommended for the Adirondacks or the Jersey traveler.

A new folding canopy for beds has the advantage of being attached to the bed instead of the wall or ceiling so that the bed can be moved to any part of the room in search of a draught.

It has an automatic action, and when not in use can be folded against the headboard. Any netting canopy can be attached to one of these frames.

As the attachment is made below the mattress, there is no disfigurement to the bed when the canopy is removed.

The empty grates of open fire-places, which have become smoked and discolored with last winter's fires, should now be blue-washed to a cool, delicate shade.

If the house is closed, the metal work of fire-places should be greased and covered to keep from rusting.

Decorations at Entertainments.—For summer at-homes in country houses the fireplaces are occupied with fans formed of flowers and grasses.

A fan of ferns had its centre of Marshal Neil roses—a fan of pampas grass showed a heart of red peonies.

Wall baskets filled with maidenhair and yellow roses are extremly effective. Branches of flowering shrubs can be tied with ribbons to the sconces at the sides of large mirrors.

Summer Beverages.—There is nothing more refreshing in hot weather than a cooling drink.

Nature demands, and should have, more liquid than in winter, to supply the moisture that is lost by evaporation; and while a quantity of ice-water taken when one is heated by exercise is injurious, a moderate amount of some palatable fluid is positively beneficial.

The following recipes have been tested many times and may be relied upon as trustworthy guides.

Some of the beverages described are very suitable for small evening parties when it is not convenient to provide coffee, and wine is inadmissable.

Lemon Syrup.—Put in a preserving-bottle three pounds of white sugar, cover with one quart of water, and let it boil until it is a clear syrup, stirring frequently; when cool, add one ounce of citric acid and two teaspoonfuls of oil of lemon; bottle immediately.

Mead.—Boil well together three pounds of sugar and one quart of water; when cool, add one ounce of tartaric acid, and vanilla to taste.

It is ready for use at once; if it is to be kept, bottle and cork securely. When used, put three tablespoonfuls in a tumbler, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and fill the glass with ice-water.

Strawberry or Raspberry Acid.—Take two and a half ounces of citric acid, sprinkle it over six quarts of the fruit, add one pint of water, and let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours; pour off the liquid slowly, and to each pint add one and a half pounds of white sugar; stir every day for a week, until the sugar is dissolved, then bottle, but do not cork for a day or two.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put the quantity of raspberries to be used in a earthen vessel, and cover them with good cider vinegar; let them stand one night, then squeeze them in a stout cloth—a coarse kitchen towel answers admirably; to each pint of juice add one pound of white sugar; let it boil for five minutes after it comes to the boiling point (if boiled to long it is apt to jelly); skim, bottle, and seal tightly.

Boston Cream.—Put into a preserving-bottle five quarts of water and four pounds of granulated sugar; let it come to a brisk boil; when cool add four ounces of tartaric acid and one ounce, or two tablespoonfuls, of essence of lemon; when perfectly cold, stir in the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and bottle the mixture for use. Three tablespoonfuls of the cream is sufficient for a glass of water; add a small pinch of carbonate of soda to each to cause it to foam.

Ginger Beer.—Take an ounce and a-half of root ginger, bruise it, and put it in a preserving bottle; add three lemons sliced, one handful of hops, and two quarts of cold water; let the mixture boil slowly for two hours.

While it is boiling, put in a larger jar three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, ten quarts of lukewarm water, one cup of yeast, and the whites of three eggs.

Pour the hot liquid over this, and let it stand for a day before bottling; fasten the corks securely with strings.

YOUNG people, when once dyed in pleasure and vanity, will scarcely take any other color.

Correspondence.

B. V.—The art of shorthand writing is more than two thousand years old.

J. McD.—You had no reason to expect a note expressing regret from her.

HARRY.—Mr. Charles Kean was buried at Herndean, Hampshire, England, 1868.

M. COLEMAN.—The word "acrobat" comes from the Greek, and signifies "to run on tiptoe."

R. M. B.—Amongst ordinary children nine would be quite early enough for learning music.

K. V.—Longfellow was born 27th February, 1807, in Portland, Maine. He published "Evangeline" in 1847, and "The Song of Hawatha" in 1855.

DORA.—If a gentleman offers you his photograph you need not hurt his feelings by refusing it, but you should not give yours in return, except to old and intimate friends.

JACK.—The flying-fish rises ten or twelve feet out of the water and keeps the air one hundred yards, when it is obliged to wet its fins by dipping. They are from ten to twelve inches in length.

A. S. T.—Nebulæ is the name given to indistinct patches of light in the heavens, supposed to proceed from aggregations of evenly-distributed matter belonging to distant worlds in the course of formation.

Mary.—Treat the young man kindly and courteously and await developments. If he has not enough decision of character to choose for himself in such an important matter as the selection of a wife, you would not lose much if you should lose him.

LOUIS.—The word "prove" anciently meant "test," and in the proverbial saying, "Exception proves the rule," it is so used. An exception cannot prove a rule in the modern sense: it tends rather to make it invalid; but an exception may test a rule, or in some cases prove to be wrong, whilst in others the test may show that the so-called exception may be explained.

J. WRIGHT.—The "mainbrace" is the rope by which the mainsail of a ship is placed in position. To "splice it" is to join it when broken, or repair it when injured. Hence the expression, "to splice the mainbrace," is proverbial amongst seamen for taking a drink of strong liquor to strengthen or fit them for extra exertion, or to enable them to bear up against exposure to cold or wet weather.

NANCY.—We do not think that a young lady can be "too much educated." She may, however, pay too much attention to less important things, and neglect those that are of greater importance. The education of a young lady, like that of a young man, should, of course, be thorough and symmetrical, and it should be most thorough in those branches on a knowledge of which her usefulness will largely depend.

B. L.—You have had so many quarrels with your lover that it will probably be for your happiness to break off with him altogether. Having given you his promise to see nothing more of the other young lady, he should have kept his word even at the risk of being rude. If he had cared for you as a man ought to care for the woman whom he has asked to marry him, he would have found some way of avoiding the engagement to take the walk.

CAMDEN.—(1.) The salaries of reporters and sub-editors of the great daily papers vary from $10 to $50 per week, according to powers and qualifications. (2.) To write correct English with rapidity, to be swift to observe and untiring in chase of "items," are the principal qualifications of a reporter. Editorial writers usually have a specialty, as politics, social or sanitary matters, railroads, commerce, etc., and on their specialty they should be authorities. A broad education does no harm to either editor or reporter, and versatility is absolutely necessary.

M. E. M.—Write to your lover, and acknowledge frankly that the fault was your own. There is no concession of one's proper dignity nor self-abasement in confessing a fault and apologizing for it. On the contrary, this is a proceeding to which the noblest and most generous natures are prompted by a due sense of right and justice. If your admirer be really attached to you, he will not fail to hasten and assure you of his forgiveness. If he does not, you may then rest assured that he never loved you with sincerity.

MAY.—A young lady, who is of age, can of course marry without her parents' consent, and a gentleman may continue his engagement with her notwithstanding that her parents decline their assent to it. But young persons should be cautious how they act in opposition to their parents' wishes. It is true that parents are not always in the right, and that there are cases when sons or daughters are justified in consulting their own happiness in preference to obeying paternal or maternal mandates. But these cases are the exceptions to the rule. Let us hope that yours is one also.

T. R. A.—According to the legend, Tarpeia, the daughter of the governor of the Citadel of Rome, surrendered it to the Sabines, who were advancing against Romulus (B.C. 722) to avenge the abduction of the Sabine virgins, on condition of receiving the gold bracelets they wore upon their left arms. Titus Tatius, the Sabine king, to punish her perfidy, as he entered the gates, cast not only his bracelet, but also his shield upon her. This example was followed by his soldiers, and Tarpeia was crushed to death. Tarpeia was buried in the Capitol, and the rock from which traitors were afterwards hurled received her name.

JUVENAL.—The elevation of the buildings you name is as follows:—

	Feet.
Highest pyramid in Egypt	470
Second ditto	472
Cathedral at Antwerp	427
Cathedral at Strasburg	466
Tower of Utrecht	464
Steeple of St. Stephen, at Vienna	460
Steeple of St. Martin, at Landshut	470
St. Peter's, at Rome	435
Steeple of St. Michael, at Hamburg	430
Steeple of St. Peter, at Hamburg	396
St. Paul's Cathedral, London	401
Cathedral at Ulm	350
Cathedral of Milan	340
Tower of the Asinelli, at Bologna	334
Dome of the Invalides, at Paris	347
Victoria Tower, Houses of Parliament	340